AUGUST 12 — 18, 1978

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THIRTY-ONE YEARS LATER: "What It Means To Be An Indian"

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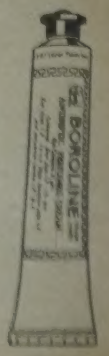

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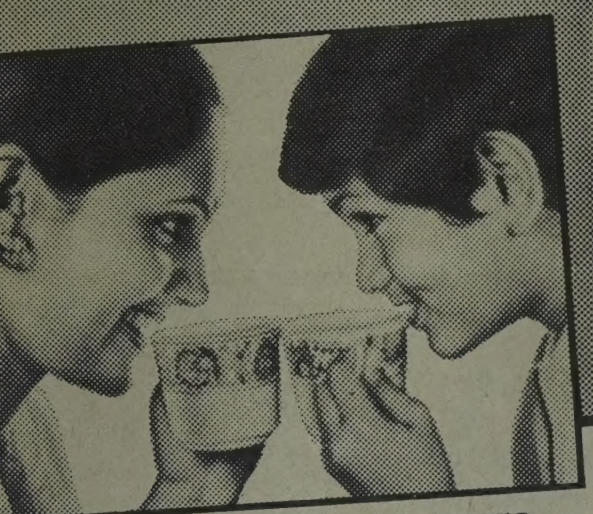

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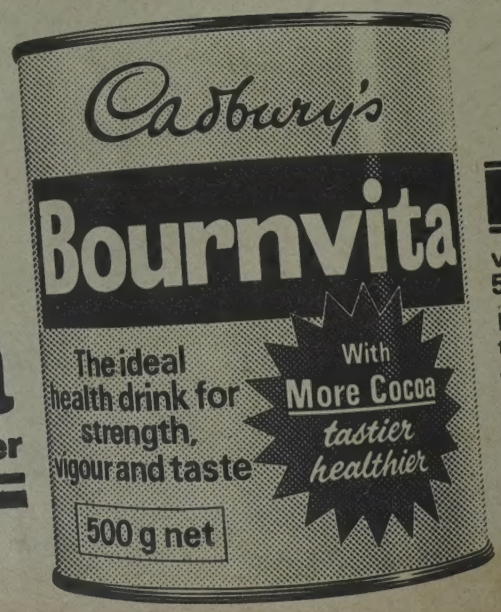

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ROSALYN BEN

Tall and attractive Rosalyn is an air hostess with Air India. Flying for nearly 3½ years, she loves her job immensely as it gives her an opportunity to travel, meet a variety of people and learn the changing trends in fashion, culture and music.

A graduate from Wilson College, Bombay, she learnt Kathak dancing under the well known Gopi Krishna, and has also done her Sahitya Ratna in Hindi.

In spite of her busy work schedule, she has enough time to spare for her other interests — reading and writing poems. She loves cooking and often surprises her family and friends with many dishes of her own.

Though conservative to a certain extent, she prefers a love marriage and wants to settle down in life after marriage.

Photograph: Girish Shukla

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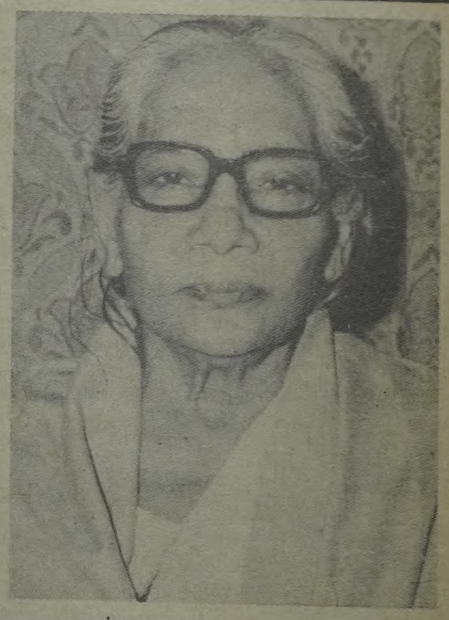
this week

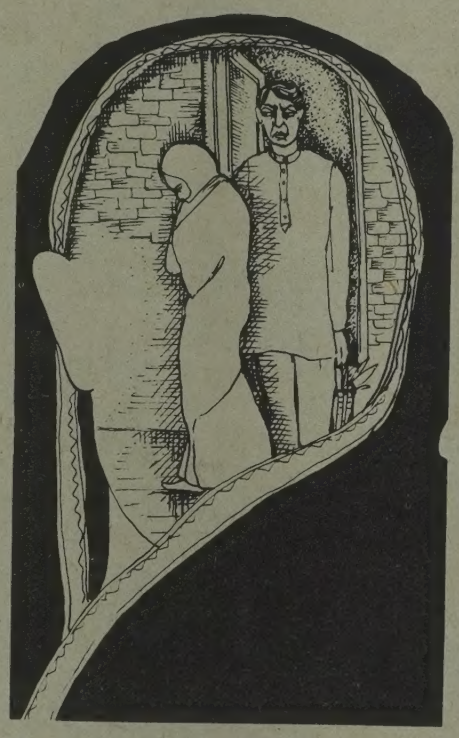
Thirty one years later:

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN INDIAN

It is not often that one stops to think of what it really means to be an Indian. The week before the thirty-first anniversary of the country's independence is as good a time as any to reflect on the question. Women involved in different aspects of national life speak out on what being an Indian means to them.
Page 8.

In the Youth Page, young people are interviewed on what India means to them.
Page 15.





THE CONDITION OF WIDOWS

Although attitudes to widows, especially in the urban, sophisticated centres, are changing, widowhood today still brings with it restrictions and problems.
Page 33.

Nobody who has not experienced it can really know what it is like, says a woman, who offers some words of advice to fellow women.
Page 35.

The important thing is not to give in to despair and to instead face life as a challenge, says a widow who has risen above the situation and carved a successful and meaningful life for herself.
Page 38.

WIDOWHOOD AND RITUALS

Widowhood in India is often accompanied by rituals which concretise the loss of status that is a corollary to the loss of the husband. Each community has its own customs, but they all symbolise the end of normal, happy lives for the bereaved women.
Page 41.

It used to be much worse for widows in the old days. Interviews with older women give an idea of the problems then.
Page 36.

ALSO

Step by Step Cookery: Spaghetti and meatballs — **Page 17** Film Interview: Jeetendra, "I've never had it so good" — **Page 21.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, News Bulletin/**19**, Comics/**20**, Short Story/**22**, Fashion/**24**, Beauty/**27**, Cookery/**28**, Heart to Heart/**38**, Madam I'm Adam/**43**, Frankly Speaking/**43**, People & Events/**44**, Answers to Quiz 4/**45**, World of Eve/**45**, Horoscope/**46**.

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1st prize

CONSTRUCTIVE IDEAS

I was happy to read a recent news item stating that health workers in remote Indian villages are using bangle bracelets to identify children suffering from malnutrition.

What impressed me was (a) the simplicity of the diagnostic instrument — it is ideal for the use of the illiterate health workers; (b) the ease with which it can be used — the bangle, of 4 cm. internal diameter, is merely pushed up the child's extended arm without twisting or forcing. If it passes above the elbow at the first push, the child is considered malnourished; and (c) the negligible cost of the whole procedure.

I wonder if the person responsible for introducing this idea has been suitably rewarded. If such suggestions are encouraged with suitable monetary awards surely it will prove an incentive to others to come up with similar sensible ideas which in the long run might benefit India to the tune of thousands of rupees?

Miss P. Swarna, Bombay

Indigenous ingenuity will ultimately be our saving and one certainly hopes that the persons responsible for introducing such simple, inexpensive and original ideas will be suitably rewarded so that more and more people will be encouraged to use their imaginations constructively.

2nd prize

TREND-SETTER

It is said 'No man is a hero to his valet'. When I think of my late father, I realise this is very true.

His family suffered a business crash just as he was finishing school and he had to fend for himself. With the help of generous friends and scholarships, he managed to finish his education.

It so happened that my maternal grand-father died at the prime of life in the 1919 flu epidemic, leaving behind two girls of marriageable age. Overnight the family was reduced to poverty.

My father was 23 years old when he was offered my mother's hand. Instead of leaving money matters to elders, as is normally done, he discussed everything with his in-laws. He cut down on every item and insisted on a simple marriage. He was leaving for England shortly for higher studies and whatever he could save up this way, he gave to his young bride.

He took an insurance policy and asked his wife to use the saved up amount towards premiums; the reason being that should anything happen to him before he could return and take up the responsibility of his family, his wife should at least be provided for in some measure. He had no money then to call his own, and had to use this money for premiums.

With a grown up daughter, ready for marriage and with the present day trends, when I look back, I realise how much ahead of his times my father was!

And yet, at that time, my mother, still in her teens, was quite sore about not having a Baraat!

Mrs. Ramakrishnan, Ajmer

The more one hears of the marriage customs of different communities, the more one is appalled at the monumental waste of money that goes on in connection with what is basically a commitment between two people. It is heartening to hear of people who break away from the wasteful tradition. If only more people would do so!

3rd prize

FAIRY TALES Vs. FACTS

The other day I read a story about a heroine whose mother read her the newspaper instead of fairy tales when she was a child. My first reaction was an amused, "Good Lord, what will they think of next?" But the more I thought about it, the less amused I grew. Maybe the author was more intelligent than I had given her credit for being.

Today, even to get admission to K. G. a child has to pass a test. Moreover, knowledge on every topic is increasing by leaps and bounds. To keep abreast of it, schoolwork is getting tougher. Thirdly, to cope with a constantly changing world is no easy task even for an adult.

Therefore I feel that a child nurtured on facts has an advantage over one brought up on fairy tales and is better equipped to deal with life.

Pushpalatha Prabhu, Bombay

Why not bring them up on both facts and fairy tales, as a happy via media? Of course, there is now considerable controversy over the hidden messages in fairy tales, with people claiming that they are harmful and others arguing that they are not.

FOR WOMEN, BY WOMEN

Very soon we shall be seeing Karnataka's first film made entirely by women. It is based on M. K. Indira's popular novel, "Phaniyamma". It will be directed by Prema Karanth. Except the cameraman, the other technicians of the film will be women. It is produced by Padmavati Bai, a State award-winning social worker. We would like to see more such films made by women in Hindi and other regional languages. We hope to have some good, clean and unusual films from women. The Indian woman has been exploited on the screen. We can have a true picture of Indian women only if women themselves make films. Any takers?

Michael R. Patrao, Mangalore

There have been other similar attempts earlier, but they have proved abortive. We do sincerely hope this one makes it — it is high time women came forward to make such films instead of berating men and asking them to portray women as human beings instead of sex objects.

DOCTOR(S) IN THE HOUSE

Getting married to a doctor (where, incidentally, the whole family consists of doctors) was a very great mistake I made — though having a doctor husband has its own advantages. I come from a middle-class family where all of us are graduates. We ate what we liked, without any restriction, and all of us were definitely hale and hearty. I very well remember having never visited a doctor for months.

Now, having got married into a family of doctors, I find that everything on the menu is criticised: one causes gas trouble, the other diarrhoea, salt is not to be overdone, pickles are not to be encouraged. . . don't eat this, don't eat that. Having now followed the rules scrupulously, you will be surprised to know the end result. I am now suffering from gas trouble, piles and diarrhoea.

Mrs. G. K. Nair, Bombay

How awful for you. But, then, take consolation from the fact that it's not a family of lawyers. You might then be constantly in the dock and always defending yourself — a fate worse than gas or piles!

READER'S VOICE

THE HOME OF DEMOCRACY?

Gautam Sen's and Lata Mani's articles on racism in England (July 22) exposed the nature of democracy in England, which boasts of its liberal traditions and of being the home of "parliamentary democracy." It seems the character of the British government hasn't changed over the centuries; this same government colonized and looted the Indian people and the same government is now allowing its coloured population to be threatened and beaten up by fascist whites. Incidentally, it should be highlighted that Indian doctors man one-third of England's National Health Service. (J. Suvarna, Bombay)

INTERESTING FASHIONS

It is good to see that your fashion features are now being shot outdoors more and more. It makes them so much more lively. (S. Ramchandani, Bombay)

TROUBLE AT THE TEMPLE

Bharat Savur reported well on Bombay's mini America "Tension At The Temple," (July 29). It is amazing to read of an M.P. of Ram Jethmalani's repute defending the state of affairs at the Krishna Ashram at Juhu. Broken statues, murders, wireless sets found in the basement — it is obvious that subversive activities are afoot in the so-called spiritual ISKCON temple. It is time the government intervened and put an end to the infiltration of foreigners who not only dupe the public but also harass local residents living around the Ashram. (Radha Goswami, Dhanbad)

THIRTY ONE YEARS LATER:

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN INDIAN

TRIPTI MITRA

As a girl of 17, Tripti Mitra, the renowned Bengali actress, was irked by the colonial condition of our country. She wanted to enter politics to fight for freedom, but destiny led her to join Indian Peoples Theatre Association (IPTA) which in those days was devoted to highlighting the atrocities of British rule.

"My entry into the IPTA and the efforts to arouse the people were my meagre contribution to the freedom fight," she says. "Today, I feel very proud to be an Indian, to belong to a country which has passed through such turmoil to attain liberty. Developments in our country have been manifold, but ills still exist of which I feel ashamed.

"Contradictions in policies are prevalent

in every sphere. I am neither a politician nor have I ever been involved in politics, but as a woman I feel that this is what is ruining the country. The condition of women in India today is two-faced. On one hand, we have progressed a great deal. Women enjoy voting rights, but on the other, they are still economically crippled, the scope for employment is very limited for them.

"While scientific progress has given us aeroplanes, bullock carts are still the only means of transport in many villages. Our outlook is progressive, there is no doubt, but we are still wedded to some old superstitions. The country is still divided by caste, creed, religion and sect.

"Politically we are free, but socially and economically we are still in bondage."

The India of her dreams has not yet found shape. "I am not an astrologer," she said, "but the country will take a long time to solve its problems. Culturally, we are at the top, but then that is not all that a country needs to attain greatness. We have imbibed only culture from our ancestors, but they have given us ethical standards and principles which can help us in taking the country to greatness and this should be our mission."

Susmita Singhi

NARGIS

"I was very young when we got our Independence. To tell you the truth, I wasn't even aware of the significance of such a thing. And to start with, it didn't mean much to me. Then came the jubilations, the celebrations, and I started feeling the fever.

"My concepts of Independence have proved to be exaggerated. I had thought Indepenence would mean total independence of thinking, independence of living, independence of actions. As I grew up my dreams were shattered.

"There are so many 'no's' and 'don'ts' in the country today that I feel we are less independent today than we were before. Centuries back, there used to be invaders, who would invade the country, loot the coun-

try and rule the country. Today their task is taken up by the politicians — people who go around making aerial surveys of flood stricken places but don't do anything precautionary. All they do is impose fresh taxes, have fund raising drives. . .

"If anything, there are hinderances at every step — even if you are trying to do some social services. We had formed the Spastics Society five years back for the handicapped children. We had no place so Mrs. Gandhi asked General Batra to give us some place in the army area — on temporary basis, of course. We got a dilapidated house, infested with rats and all kinds of insects, which we cleaned and made inhabitable. Now the army wants to throw all the forty children out. We have written scores of letters to various people, all of which are rotting in various ministry offices.

"Personally, I'm very much a nationalist. As a citizen of India, I have never felt conscious of the fact that I'm a Muslim. I'm an Indian. And there has never been a thought in my mind of moving away to some other country. It's not just because my husband is a Hindu. It's just that I've thought of myself as an Indian first and foremost."

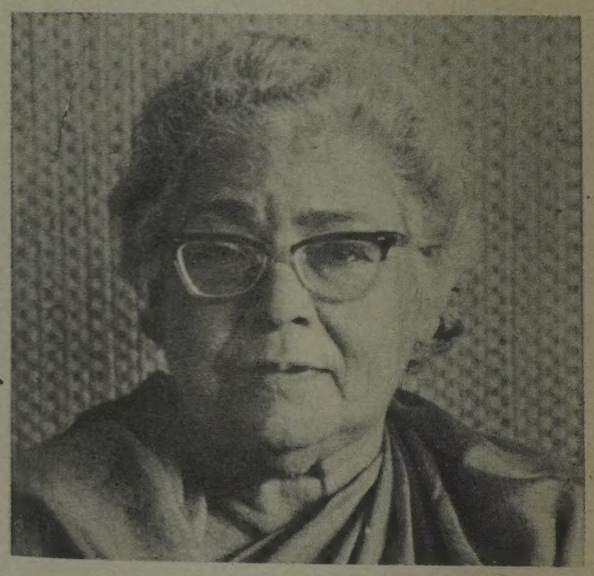
Harmeet Kathuria

ISMAT CHUGTAI

Ismat Chugtai, outspoken, Urdu novelist and short story writer, comes from a staunchly orthodox family which practised purdah. A born rebel and an irrepressible tomboy, Ms. Chugtai refused to conform. Excerpts from an interview with the spirited lady. . .

"The smell of India — dirty though it may be — is in my blood. I am proud of my Indian heritage, Indian culture, Indian mythology. My ancestors came from Samarkhand. My great, great, great grandfather came to this country and settled down here. I cannot imagine living anywhere else.

"I think, compared to other lands, there is more religious freedom here. Nobody bothers about what you do, especially in Bom-



bay, it might be difficult to live in a small town like Bareilly. The advantage in living here lies in the freedom **not** to believe in any particular religion.

"Political freedom? What freedom can we have when the power belongs to the English educated class? A certain group inherited power from the British. It is still in their hands. What is Janata but a new name for part of the old Congress? Those people can never work for the good of the poor of the country. They can work only for the benefit of a certain class, a minority.

"...In the mid forties, while I was student at Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, I was scarcely aware of my Indianness. The College was managed by Americans who weren't sympathetic towards British imperialistic rule in India. They encouraged us to think against British rule. They told us of how the British had exploited India economically, spiritually. That was the first time I thought about mythology, about Indian history, my country's past. **I belong, I felt.**

"I became involved with the freedom movement. I wore **khaddar**, strictly **khaddar**, and attended lectures by Gandhiji, Maulana Azad, Nehru. . . The very idea of

freedom seemed at that time to be unbelievable. When the English departed we were jubilant.

"But a year later we realised those who were with the British quickly joined the Congress. Power was vested on them.

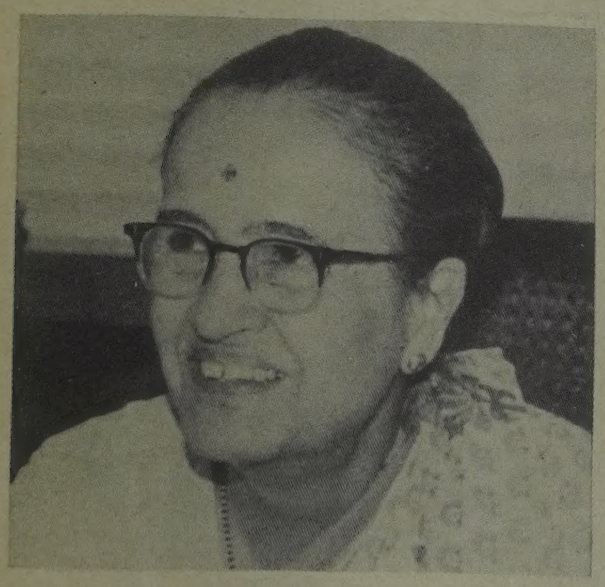
"Muslim influences? Hindu influences? Do you see anything in my home that is distinctly Muslim or Hindu? Or in any home for that matter. English culture is what we follow. We speak English, our children are educated in convent schools. We sit on sofas. And why not? Are they not more comfortable than squatting on floors? The quintessence of Muslim and Hindu cultures are to be found in the museums. . .

"Basically, I think of myself not as a Muslim, not as a Hindu but as an Indian."

R. K.

LEELA MOOLGAOKAR

Despite her playful protestation on being asked for this interview that being an Indian meant nothing to her, it was obvious that a person who has initiated and spent so much time and energy on such a variety of



social welfare programmes as has Leela Moolgaokar, cannot be impervious to the fact of her nationality nor unconscious of her loyalty to the country and the people she has done so much for.

Sure enough, she was serious and articulate at the interview itself.

While her feelings for India are clear and simple — "This is home" — and she is of the opinion that the majority of Indians do have some sense of this being their country — "They would not want to be ruled by anyone else now, they recognize this as their country, we saw it particularly during war-time at the blood banks, they came out in thousands to donate blood for the jawans" — she has no illusions about national feeling at peace-time, the condition of the country today or the progress we are said to have made.

Nationalistic fervour does, she admitted, seem to disappear when there is no war.

Two simple examples of this deficiency in national pride are the absence of civic sense, which seems to demonstrate a lack of responsibility for anything that is not one's own property, and the quick-money tactics of exporters, whose only interest seems to be in making a fast buck through dishonest one-time deals, with little or no thought to national prestige and trustworthiness.

However, as Mrs. Moolgaokar pointed out, the fault lies with both the individuals and the authorities.

She said, "There is a basic indiscipline as far as civic sense is concerned. But at the same time, a major problem is that the people are not provided with alternatives. For example, people might litter the streets less if they were provided with convenient places in which to dump their garbage. Even when proper dumps are provided, often the vans do not come to collect the garbage regularly. You cannot tell people not to do something unless you give them some positive alternative."

Similarly with exporters: "While the onus should ideally be on each individual exporter, there should also be strict quality control on all products manufactured, especially on those that go out of the country and contribute to India's reputation abroad. At the moment there seems to be no feeling that the name of India should ke kept up. We should earn respect, like the Chinese have done. In my young days, Chinese products were considered 'raddi'; today they compete in markets all over the world."

On the state of the country today she says: "It is more or less in a stagnant condition. It is not that we have not progressed at all, but that, in my opinion, what progress we have made is nothing much, a drop in the ocean, especially for the rural areas.

"Of course, the problems are tremendous — this is such a large country and there are so many things that need to be attended to. The authorities seem to know the priorities, but somehow they haven't been able to do anything. So much money is reported to go into various schemes, but it doesn't seem to get to the rural people."

Were things better under the British? "I would almost say they were — in terms of education, health, facilities, cleanliness. But, of course, at that time they didn't have the problems that exist now, like our monumental population.

"And also, in those days I never had the feeling that we would get a fair deal from the British. The Indian always ended up the loser. There was no justice in that sense."

Doesn't a similar situation exist today, with other groups having taken the place of the English? "Yes, we are suffering at our own hands now," she admitted.

What is her wish for the people of India? "First of all, water. This, I feel, should be tackled on a war footing. Secondly, healthcare — if people could get proper water, I think 50 per cent of the health problems would also be solved. Then, electricity — this would mean revenue for the country also. And, finally, employment. Another thing I consider very, very important is adult education for women. It doesn't matter at the moment whether the men learn or not — they anyway go out and have little to do with the nutrition, education and care of their children. It is the women who must be educated."

All this means money, and where is it to come from? "I believe strongly that there has to be generation of wealth in the country. The government seems to think that making profits is a sin. The profits of a public company do not go into anybody's pocket — they belong to the shareholders. And even if a private owner does make money, that money will be spent, it will be kept moving, and many people will benefit from it. So what is wrong with profits?"

Being an Indian, said Mrs. Moolgaokar, carries with it an additional responsibility. "To the extent that there is such great poverty here, every Indian has a duty to see that **something** is done for the poor of the country. A simple way to start would be by following the simple rule of being helpful to one's neighbours. This would go a long way towards creating better living conditions for everyone."

A. J.

USHA MEHTA

"No, never. I can't imagine being born in any other country. As one Gujarati song goes, 'It is true, Mother India does not have a crown on her head; it is true that there are any number of poor Indians, many almost starving; but after all, my mother is my mother.'

"India's is the only ancient culture that has survived. I'm not ashamed of being a Hindu. I feel that, interpreted in the right sense, like Swami Vivekananda has done, Hinduism allows an individual to lead and develop his life in his own way; tolerance and understanding are characteristic of it.

"Along with the Hindu influence, I am proud of Gandhiji and his heritage, which

can't be forgotten by any Indian. I feel that Gandhiji's teachings too had Vedanta as their base. To my mind, even though Hinduism talks about the four **ashramas**, its beauty lies in making us understand renunciation and realisation as two aspects of the same process of liberation. Gandhiji too made us realise that revolution and reconstruction go together. His kind of revolutionary is a revolutionary in a different and a right sense.

"As an Indian, I am proud of the type of freedom struggle we went through, led by Gandhiji. This non-violent way of fighting injustice and resisting evil is one of our greatest contributions to the world, as is the theory of non-alignment and our use of nuclear energy for peaceful purposes.

"Our heritage has enabled us to try and maintain democratic institutions where other Third World countries have not been able to do so. And I must emphasise the role played by our people in last year's elections.

"Of course, I am talking about the spirit of Hinduism and Gandhian thought, not the mockery and murder of it that we see today. That is why I don't blame the young people for their seeming lack of patriotism or their disillusionment. It is we who have failed them, through incomplete and ineffec-

Continued on Page 13

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Cations		mg/litre	Anions		mg/litre
Sodium	(Na^+)	5.00	Fluoride	(F^-)	0.13
Potassium	(K^+)	1.50	Chloride	(Cl^-)	2.00
Ammonium	(NH_4^+)	0.02	Nitrate	(NO_3^-)	1.00
Magnesium	(Mg^{2+})	26.80	Sulphate	(SO_4^{2-})	25.00
Calcium	(Ca^{2+})	54.00	Hydrogen phosphate	(HPO_4^{2-})	0.038
Manganese	(Mn^{2+})	0.01	Hydrogen carbonate	(HCO_3^-)	278.20
Iron	[$Fe^{2+(3+)}$]	0.02	Silic acid	(H_2SiO_3)	24.20

Total dissolved solids : 418 mg/litre

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THIRTY ONE YEARS LATER:

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN INDIAN

ASHAPURNA DEVI

The first woman recipient of the country's most prestigious literary award, from the Bharatiya Jnanpith, 69-year-old writer Mrs. Ashapurna Devi, is the embodiment of the temperament, culture and thoughts of India. Perhaps it is because of this that she stresses the importance of not only being an Indian but also of feeling like an Indian. "The fact that I have been born an Indian has always given me a sense of pride even in my childhood, but I believe that to sustain this pride, we have to create and maintain a national identity of our own in the comity of nations. The mere mention of India should bring to our minds the culture and philosophy handed down to us through the ages of which we are so proud. It is after all art and culture that determine the quality of a country's life."

Unfortunately, the present generation is being carried away by Western thought currents and is losing its identity and individuality. Mrs. Ashapurna Devi says, "The imprint of the West is so deeply etched on our people that they have entirely deviated from our socio-cultural traditions. Whatever little culture and tradition are still seen in India are being nurtured by our women. They represent true Indian values and thoughts."

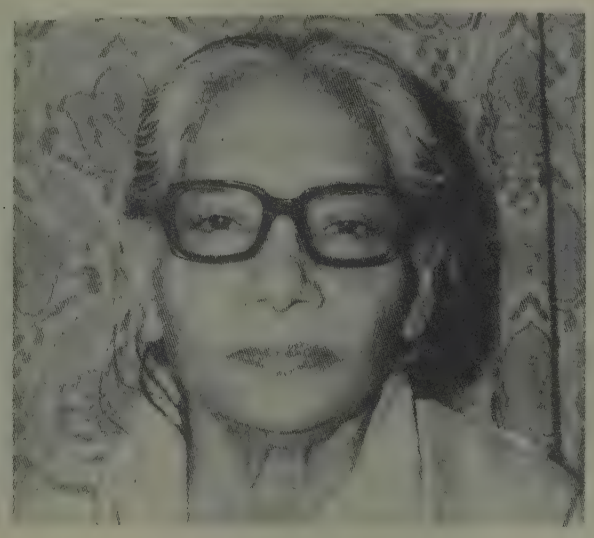
The historical advance of Indian womanhood has always interested Ashapurna Devi. Her award-winning novel, "Pratham Pratisruti" is one of a trilogy, the other two being "Subarnalata" and "Bakulkatha". All the three deal with the life of Indian women from ancient times when they were kept in bondage to the present day when women have eventually won their freedom and come into their own. "But the emancipation of women is still not complete," she says.

The coming of independence created many expectations in the minds of the people. Many promises were made, but few of them have been fulfilled. "That foreign rule and slavery have ended is great. We have had to pass through many ordeals to gain freedom, but I personally feel that the major aspects of liberty are still lacking.

"The idealism that had existed during the pre-independence days has given way to selfish motives, and the interest of the country has become secondary. And differences in the political field have increased communal bitterness. In spite of the differences of languages and region, there should flow the same perennial stream of culture throughout our country. Our culture provides a unique example of unity in diversity."

As she created a vivid picture of her dream of an independent India, I could sense the disappointment in her heart and voice. "The mistake we made was that we ignored our basic problems. While the villages are still steeped in poverty and ignorance, we went in for sophisticated superficialities.

"Despite Gandhiji's suggestion for the improvement of village life, no real efforts are being made in that direction and the result is that our villagers are lured to the towns, and agriculture is neglected. India should have remained an agriculture-oriented country. What the country actually needs is fulfilment of basic requirements like food, clothing, health and education. Haphazard policies and big talk are no solution at all. Today there is total chaos in every field; people are lazy and disinterested. Self-aggrandisement is ruining our values and as a result of aping the West, people are forgetting the basic values of love and respect for others."



"The future is uncertain," she said, "and I hardly have any expectation of early improvement. My dream has been shattered, and I can only pray that my fellow Indians will merge into an integrated whole, full of love and respect for each other."

Her amazing insight into human life, love and suffering and her rebellion against false values prove her deep moral convictions.

RENUKA RAY

With a long political and parliamentary career behind her, Mrs. Renuka Ray is an eminent social worker in Calcutta today. Deeply involved in the fight for the freedom of our country, she joined Gandhiji and the non-cooperation movement when she was just sixteen. The fact that both her father and husband were in the I.C.S. did not hold her back, and she worked relentlessly for her mother country, determined to break the British fetters which bound India.

Mrs. Ray speaks nostalgically of the India she had known in her youth. "I'm not one of those who believe in telling the younger generation that things were better in our youth, but I am sure that with the greater opportunities for education and training, the youth of today can overcome the impediments that now seem overwhelming and move forward in building up the country."

Comparing the past and the present, Mrs. Ray feels compelled to point out the difference in the atmosphere which envelops India today.

"During the Gandhian era," she reminisced, "when the country was subject to British rule, the moral force of the nation rose to great heights, and in the face of the greatest odds the people fought and gained political freedom for the country. One and all, young and old, were imbued with patriotic fervour and were obsessed with the idea of doing something for the country.

"Personal interests were merely secondary. However, within a span of ten years after independence, the environment changed completely. Power politics overwhelmed all other considerations. The claims of the country soon gave way to personal interests, as a result of which great frustration prevails among the younger generation."

Mrs. Ray feels that the freedom we won could have meant happiness for all, but our progress was halted by false values. "A tremendous task lies ahead of us, that of creating an India wherein every citizen is guaranteed social and economic equality. Take for instance the position of women in India. Great strides have been made to break the prejudices which kept women in subjugation, and legal and social equality has been attained, but much still remains to be done.

"Even today, ignorant of their legal rights, large masses of uneducated women continue to be victims of exploitation. Many such things have to be rectified. We are living at a time when the future holds out much for women. Therefore it is exciting to be an Indian woman; whether we achieve our aims or not, it depends on us. This goes for practically every field in the life of the country. Our progress has been rather slow and halting, perhaps because of the poor educational advance in the country especially among women.

"We have also to do away with the divisiveness which has created barriers between our people."

Every nation has its ups and downs, and keeping this in mind, Mrs. Renuka Ray is not unduly pessimistic. She says, "To be an Indian today is to face a challenge and that itself gives zest to our life. I feel confident that we shall emerge from the gloom that surrounds us today, our dreams will come true and, despite our various diversities, India will remain one integrated country. This is the challenge facing our youth."

The patriotic urge is innate in people, it exists even today and, as Mrs. Renuka Ray says, "perhaps the time has now come for a new leadership to arise and restore some of the sanity and ethical standards which existed when India was struggling for her freedom."

Mrs. Ray herself has certainly done her bit in this regard and is still devoted to the country's welfare. As president of the Women's Co-ordinating Council, which coordinates the work of 80 women's social welfare organisations in Calcutta, this 74-year-old lady is still working hard, her optimism undiminished by the many discouraging features that afflict the country

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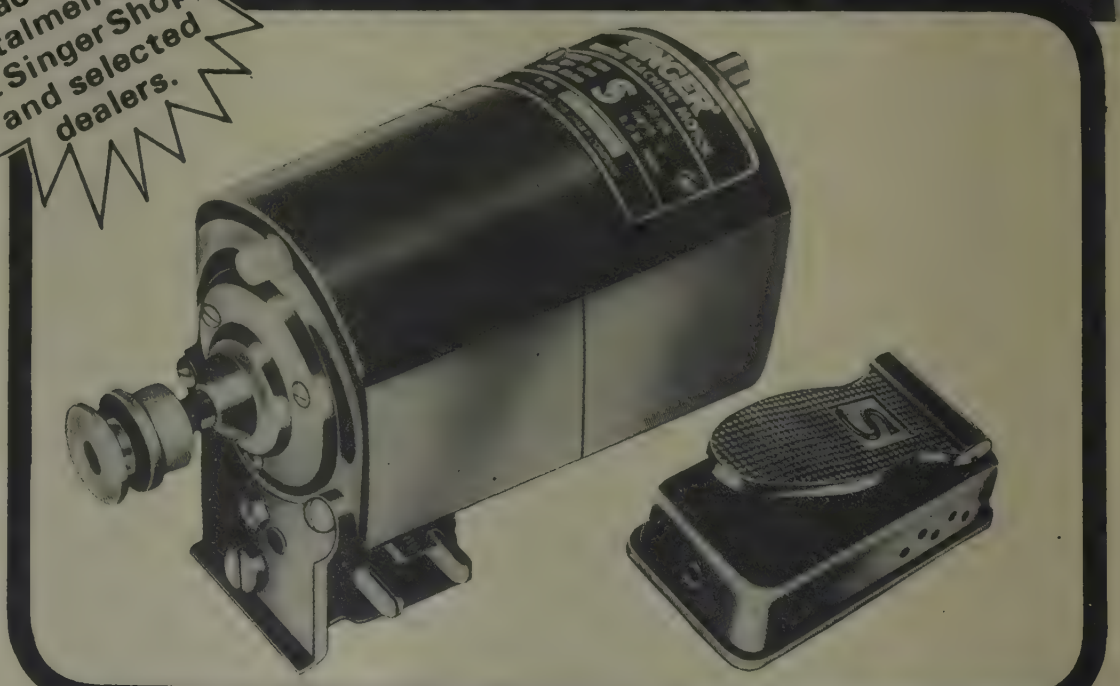

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THE OPEN CLASSROOM- an innovative educational concept

Amita Sarwal

The Open Classroom is an attempt to put relevance as well as excitement into learning and will cater not only to students but to housewives and working people as well

The Open Classroom takes over from where the regular classroom studies end. The innovator of this new programme is Saleem Peeradina, 33-year-old Professor of English at Bombay's famed Sophia College.

Introducing the system, he says, "Because of the limitations of the University syllabi, the rigidity of the examination system and the monotony of routine study, there is very little enjoyment or purpose in education today. The Open Classroom will attempt to put relevance as well as excitement into learning Even if the university system were perfect, the kind of course we envisage would still play a key role in the revitalization of teaching and learning."

Saleem had his first exposure to liberal education while studying for his Masters in North Carolina, where he also taught for a while. His subjects were English, World Literature and Humanities.

Back in India, with the seed of 'liberal education' planted firmly in his mind, he started working at a city college. There they weren't too receptive to his idea. Then came the move to Sophia's, and the subsequent adoption of his brain child. "It was accepted willingly. I found the atmosphere not only creative, but academically very progressive. Frankly, just being a teacher, one has a sense of disillusionment after a while. Stagnation takes place. Nobody wants to risk taking up projects like this one, but what encouraged me here was the environment of new things being done continuously." While he agrees that anyone could have thought of this project, he is also aware that to make a working success of it, like minded people have to be involved.

Besides students of Sophia and other colleges in Bombay, the Open Classroom will cater to housewives, (a survey conducted showed that those between the ages of 25-40 were the most interested), working men and working women, (most of these people have the fundamental knowledge, but need the opportunity to develop it further).

Each course is to be a unit by itself. The size of the groups attending will be entirely dependant upon the subject — they will be such as to enable active student participation and discussion. Theory and lecture-oriented courses, like Transactional Analysis, Dietetics, or Child Guidance, will obviously cater to a larger number than say. Television Programming.

"On certification," the director says, "we have an open mind. We would prefer not to offer the bait of a scrap of paper. That motive may not be the right one for the kind of people who will apply for the courses we are planning to have. On the other hand, tangible proof of work done in a course can come in handy. In which case some kind of testing and assessment will have to be included in the courses where proficiency can be rated. Courses such as Public Speaking, TV Programming or Public Relations or Child Guidance would require a certificate."

Sophia College conducted a survey in various colleges, at the University and in city neighbourhoods, as well as through Eve's Weekly. The proposed course on "Astronomy and its relation or otherwise to Astrology" was shown by the survey to be most popular, followed by "Parapsychology and Occultism -- theory and practice." There were demands for numerous others, ranging from one on Etiquette to Law and the Layman and Consumer Guidance.

The subjects are as vast as they are varied. Saleem feels very strongly about those in the section, "Conscientization." A hot favourite is one on Women's Rights. This involves texts, and case studies of Women's Movement Literature and related writings. Susie Tharu, from the Central Institute of English, Hyderabad, will be coming down specially to conduct this course. As a natural corollary to this, there is the course on Literature By and About Women, which includes, along with Doris Lessing, Nikki Giovani, a Black Feminist leader, our own writers — Sarojini Naidu, Amrita Pritam, Kamala Das and Ruth P. Jhabvala. Here, about five vernacular language authors will also be considered in the form of a report.

Special emphasis is also being laid on improving the system of education for teachers. Dr. John Kurien will be instructing on Documents of Education. The writings of John Holt, Sylvia Ashton Warner, Montessori, Tagore, Gandhi, Ivan Illich, Paulo Friere, and Dr. Madhuri Shah Vice-Chancellor of S.N.D.T. University are included.

Another subject that should prove interesting is "Images of Women in Indian Cinema".

Mr. Peeradina feels that Fr. Filella's classes on Transactional Analysis ought to help in making the Open Classroom at least partially self-supporting.

On an average, the course fee will work out approximately to between Rs. 75 to Rs. 150 per head, except in cases like the TV Programming course, where the charges will be higher — about Rs. 25 per session — on account of the rental of TV equipment. Saleem is hopeful of subsidising this shortly, once they are self-sufficient. But, primarily, they "need a starting fund, mainly for publicity and advertising, which is a vital aspect for a successful take-off." On an average, there are to be about 25 sessions to a course, but an exception is the 72 on Child Guidance.

Starting with 36 courses, the enrolment will commence in the last week of August. The semesters will be from September 4 to October 20, from November 20 to December 23 and again from January 3, 1979 to March 31. Classes will be conducted from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. daily.

Judging from the multitude of queries and the interest shown by the public, the Open Classroom ought to be the success that its Director is anticipating.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN INDIAN

Continued from Page 9

tive implementation of policies. There are so many who want to work, but we don't have work for them. But in spite of this, there is still a silver lining. Some young people, specially in the educational field, take our failure to give content to the political freedom won in 1947 through economic prosperity, as a challenge. They feel that even at the risk of making some personal sacrifice and inconvenience, they should try and take the country forward. Nehru, and now JP, have reinforced the spirit of freedom and rebellion in the youth. I have seen many bright sparks, especially in school children, some of whom are doing wonderful work. It is from the school-children living in the slums that we should learn real idealism.

"I also have a very soft corner for Indian women, who with their quality of tolerance, have been the torchbearers of our culture and helped us to survive, despite several onslaughts on our culture. It is true that this tolerance stems from their very biological make-up and what they are psychologically subjected to. But it is not their passivity that I admire; we have a long way to go before our women are really emancipated. What I admire is their ability to understand the opponent's point of view, which is essential for the successful functioning of a democracy.

"My ideal of India is one which has the best elements of both Eastern and Western cultures. We must go ahead in the scientific fields, but without losing sight of ultimate values. India is better suited to combine progress with human values because of the work done by our leaders in the freedom movement. This was illustrated in the Bangladesh conflict. All our traditions of fighting for human rights and liberties were exemplified in our role in that war, and in the way our Army was withdrawn at the right time.

"I am very aware of the millions of aberrations from spiritual and democratic values today, but the cultural level of a country is judged by the best qualities of its culture, and that is what I am proud of. I respect all religions, but no other book can have the impact which the Bhagwad Gita has had on me. Just like that, though there is no superior or inferior country, all said and done, my country and my people are my own."

Professor Usha Mehta is head of the Department of Politics, Bombay University.

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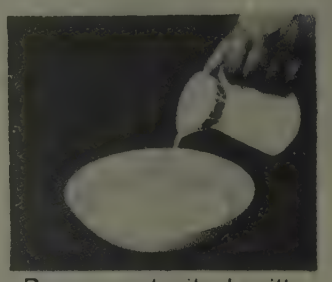

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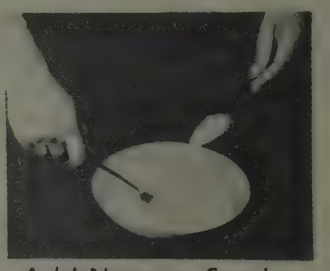

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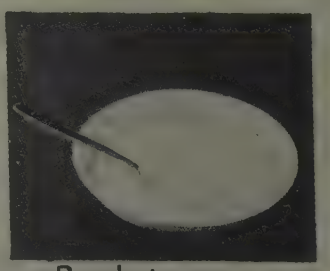

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WHAT IT MEANS TO BE YOUNG AND INDIAN

The reactions are varied; what is common is a degree of uncertainty, a vague concept of the ideal, but a hope for the future

Sunil Shanbag

What does it mean to be an Indian today? Especially, what does it mean to be a young Indian today? The generation that spoke about the glory of the Indian heritage, the superior spirituality of Indian philosophy, the dedication to the freedom movement and the crowning glory of independence, is fast fading away. This generation found or created its own Indian identity and, however stale and insipid this identity may seem today, it still is an identity. The problems faced by young Indians are more difficult and more complicated.

Attitudes to life and society are more connected today to the benefits society is able to give its members. There is far greater deprivation for many, and in a more subtle and sophisticated manner, on one hand, and a blatantly unfair surfeit of material benefits for some, on the other. The value of education is felt more, but in a corrupt manner. A great deal is being said about the futility of education which serves more to confuse the individual about his own roots and identity. Education succeeds in making the student a "product" and one cannot expect a product to have an identity.

Represented here are three different views on what it means to be an Indian. The attempt here is to find a common thread in these views. Due to the enormous differences in wealth and status in our society, people of the same generation find themselves in widely different socio-economic environments. These are not compartmentalised environments, but overlap at certain points and it is in these overlapping areas that one finds the more interesting types.

K. S. finished his graduation from an elite college in South Bombay. He comes from a upper middle-class family — his father is a lawyer and his mother also works. However, K. S. points out that his parents were not always upper middle class. "They worked extremely hard and both rose from lower middle-class backgrounds. My father speaks several Indian languages and having lived in a joint family home, absorbed the usual quota of Hindu mythology, religion, etc. from his mother and the elders around him. He left home to study in a college located in a nearby town. There he was stimulated by Marxism and studied the philosophy in depth and was later very active against the British. Though he grew disillusioned very soon with his comrades, who had begun to show signs of corruption, he never forgot the scientific attitude to life inherent in Marxist ideology. My mother had a similar background, only a bit tamer, and by the time I started growing up this 'scientific attitude' began to influence me.

"There was never any talk of Indian gods or mythology, in general, in my home. I haven't read the Indian classics. My education has always been in English and my parents, too, spoke to me in English. No festivals are observed at home and to make things worse, I can speak no Indian language fluently. My Hindi is atrocious; I can barely speak functional sentences. I have no such thing as a mother tongue, except, perhaps, English.

"And yet, today, I find English alien to me. I am ashamed at my inability to speak an Indian language and have access to Indian thoughts and Indian writing. To make matters worse, the concept of 'Indianness' today is more vague and ill defined than it has ever been before. With the exclusive knowledge of English the reach to the masses of India is limited. If I could identify with and communicate in an Indian language, the concept of Indianness would become clearer for me.

"This is not my solitary problem. There are so many like me who have no roots in the country. We are excited by western ideas, but know all the time that they are alien to India, the environment that surrounds us. Maybe we are a whole new strata in society with problems of our very own. But, it's lonely being this way. You see, we cannot identify with those who have totally accepted western values and ideas; in fact, they are repulsive. We want to be accepted as 'Indian thinking' people, but we're unable to justify this demand as we don't know what exactly an 'Indian thinking' person is. I'm afraid I've coined this term myself, but I have no word in my vocabulary to describe my position today in Indian society. This may give you an idea of the dilemma I and others like me face."

There hardly seems to be any need to comment on K.S.'s outburst. He told me that he is attempting to learn Hindi and is making slow progress. I think, however, that the root of the problem may not be something as superficial as this. By learning Hindi there is no guarantee that he will find his own identity, especially the Indian identity he seeks. To find the meaning of being an Indian he probably will have to look outside of himself and see what role there is to play in society. Once again, not every one has the power to look outside one's own problems, at other people. There are many who remain unaware of the one single great characteristic feature of India, her poverty.

Rajeev Naik, twenty one years old, doing his M.A. in Bombay University, spoke about what being an Indian meant to him. He can speak, read and write Marathi and English fluently, speaks and reads Hindi and Konkani. His father has published books in Marathi and English and has influenced Rajeev to quite an extent. He has no problems of language or communication with both the English and non-English speaking types. He is so closely attached to India that he feels that he would have to be reborn in order to live anywhere else in the world.

"India is my land and I am accustomed to it. I can't separate myself from the Indian way of life. India for me has no poverty. I live in an ivory tower and have no occasion to be affected by Indian poverty. I read about it, see a few beggars and no more. I've never had to struggle in life and so, that struggle eliminated, I involve myself in Indian culture. I am fond of Marathi theatre, Indian classical dance and music and I have access to this culture. Poverty does not enter my life at any point."

Rajeev identifies quite closely with many traditional Indian customs. "When I see the woman of the house praying to the tulsi plant outside in the garden I know exactly what she feels and why she does it." However, the fanatic belief in God and Fate irritates him. Nor does he care for the religious miracle merchants. He would like to go abroad to study because the Indian educational system does not appeal to him. But he would never settle there. "I know what I get in India, I will never get anywhere else in the world."

These two, K.S. and Rajeev Naik, spoke from an intellectual angle. Shailu Rege, a twenty-five-year-old girl, who was busy filling forms at the Employment Exchange, spoke from a more practical point of view. She has studied upto SSC and then learnt how to type in English. Her father works as a clerk in the Mantralaya. Her mother looks after the house. She has a brother who has been making attempts to get a job in Dubai and once was off loaded by the Emigration people at Santa Cruz airport even though he had a job offer and all the necessary papers. Shailu has not been able to stick to one job because none of the jobs so far have interested her.

"When you ask me what it means to be an Indian, you are actually asking me what life means to me because I cannot talk about being 'Indian' apart from what I am. Your question implies a choice, and I have never had any. I can tell you what my brother feels about being an Indian. He says, to be an Indian means to be prevented from working anywhere else in the world even if your own country is unable to provide you with work. He said this when he was not allowed to work in Dubai.

"As for me, I have learnt what is the traditional meaning of being an Indian for a girl from a poor family. It basically means humiliation both at home and at work. I have not left home for many reasons, But I've never stayed at a job where people have expected me to accept this meaning of an Indian girl. I have resisted marriage, too, because of this. I did not think this way before. I was lucky to have some good friends who showed me that to be an Indian girl, especially from a poor family that clings to tradition, is to be throttled at every step. I have not yet found a new meaning to my life, but I know that what I believed was Indian and sacred, like the love and reverence one has to have for a husband, no longer suits me."

There they are then. Three different people from different backgrounds, none really sure of what being an Indian means to them. One totally confused as to his roots, one temporarily happy in a cloud of unawareness and one strong only in her denial of the traditional meaning of being an Indian. The common thread is precisely this — a degree of uncertainty, a vague concept of the ideal, but still a hope for the future.

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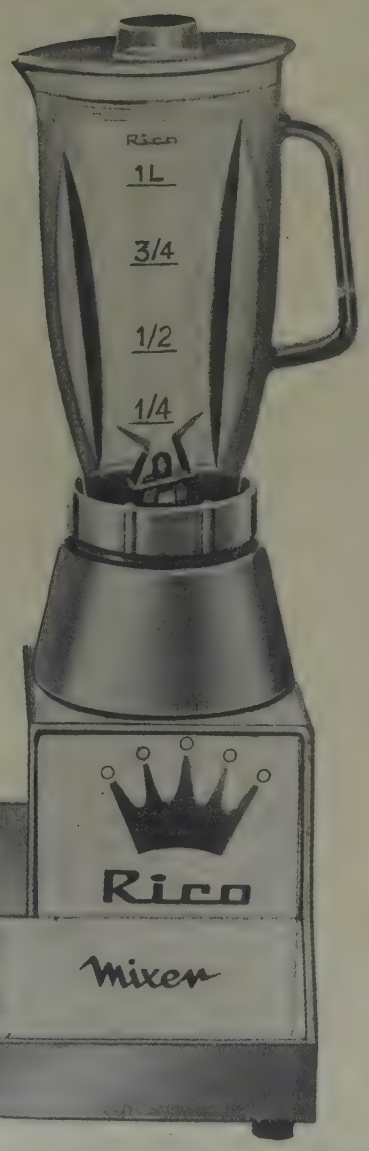

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FOR THE MEAT BALLS :

½ kg minced meat (ground finely), 1 tsp. ginger garlic paste; a few green chillis; ½ tsp. chilli powder; ½ tsp. pepper; 4 tbsps. fried onions; 2 egg yolks; salt to taste; 1 lime. Few capsicum rings and tomato slices for garnish.

FOR THE TOMATO SAUCE :

250 grams cut macaroni (boiled); 2 onions, chopped; 1 tsp. chilli sauce; 2 egg whites; 1 cup cheese, grated; 1 tbsp. butter; salt to taste; 2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce; 1 cup water; ¾ cup tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE :

Chop the onions finely. Fry them in little ghee till golden brown. Add tomato sauce, salt, chilli sauce, Worcestershire sauce and half of the grated cheese. When the cheese melts, add little water and let the sauce cook for a few minutes. Gradually mix in the egg whites.

Boil the cut macaroni in salt water till well cooked. Keep aside.

1. Wash and strain the minced meat. Mix it well with salt, pepper, chilli powder. Mix in the egg yolks, one at a time.

2. Next, add in the fried onions and lime juice. Mix well.

3. Shape into lemon size balls. Deep fry on slow fire till golden brown.

4. Mix the sauce with the boiled macaroni.

5. Grease an oven proof dish. Put a layer of macaroni-sauce mixture. Put in the fried meat balls and once again spread a layer of macaroni sauce mixture. Put the remaining meat balls and sprinkle the top with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Garnish with capsicum rings and tomato slices.

Photographs : Farokh Rowadia

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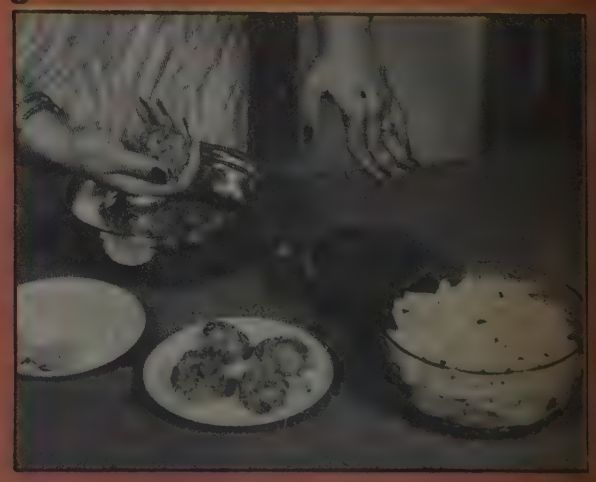

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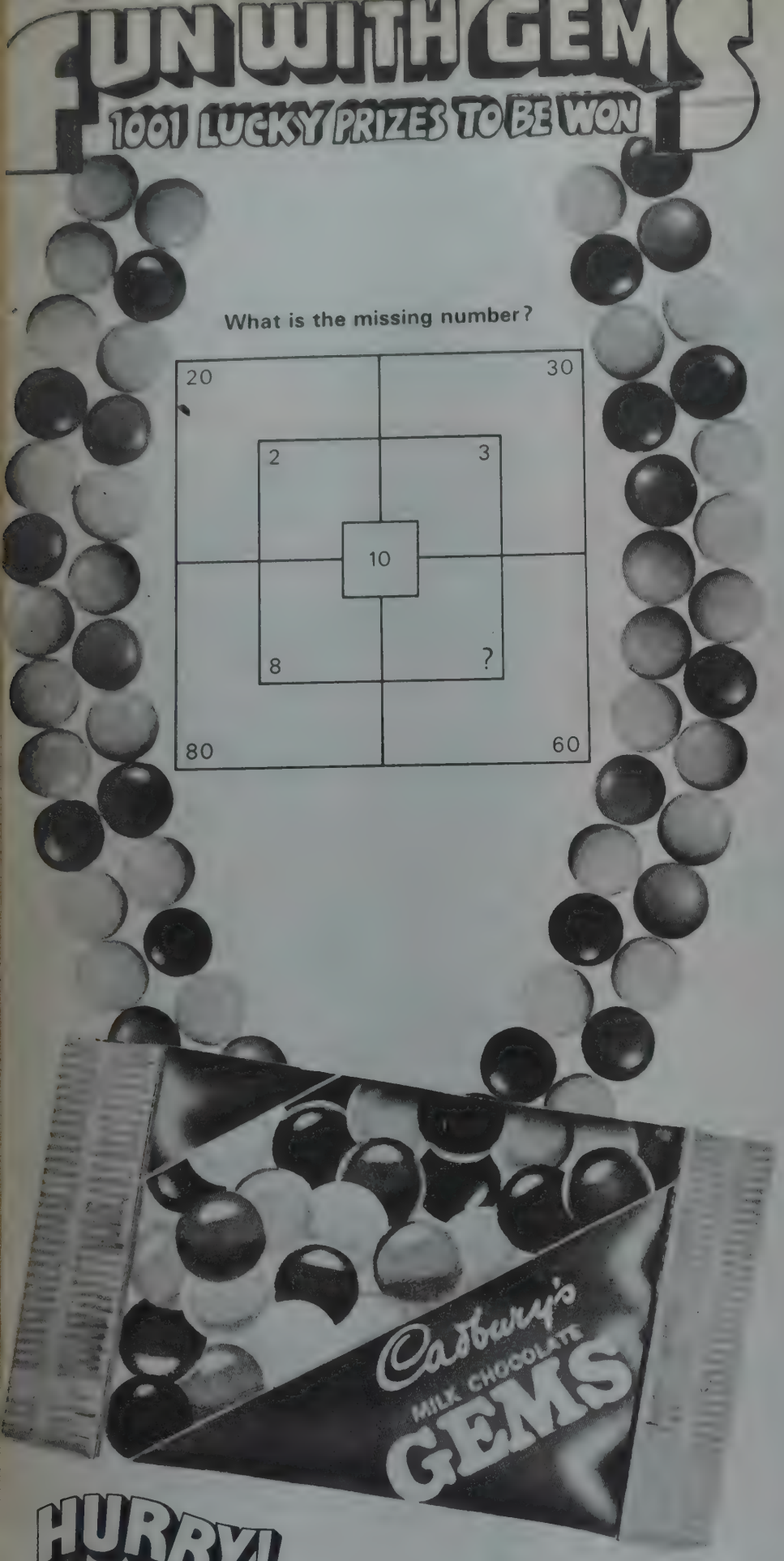

HURRY!

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty large (30 g.) plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 1001 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs. 11.

Please write the answer, as well as your name and address, in English only, and in block letters. Mail entries to:

"Fun with Gems", Dept. No. C.-3.
Post Box No. 56, Thane 400 601, Maharashtra.

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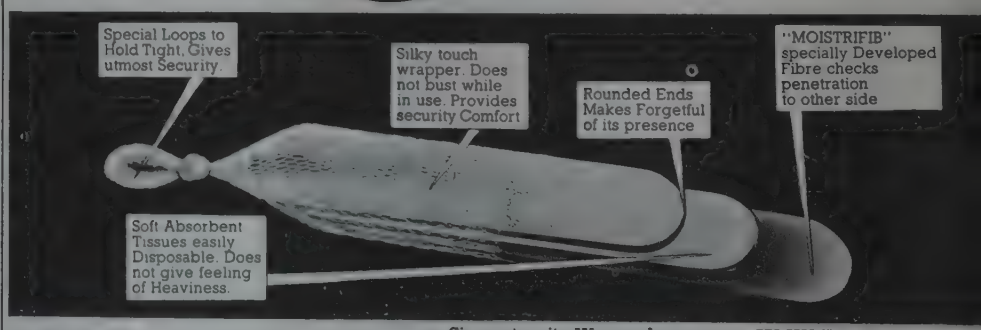
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APEX. K/78

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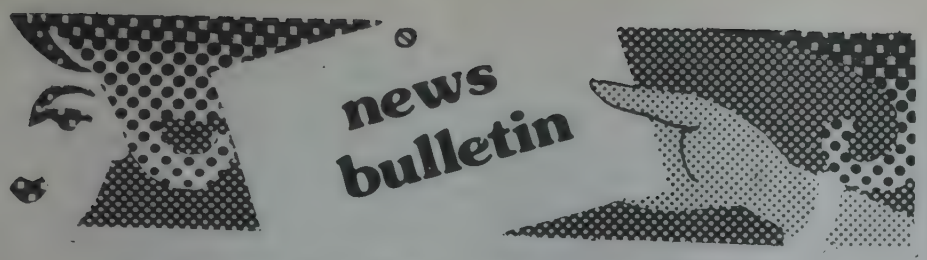

FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

PATNA: A 12-kg. child, probably the heaviest ever born, was given birth to by a village woman in the Patna Medical College Hospital on Friday morning, according to Prof. Malti Rohatgi.

The child, the fourth issue of its parents, was still-born and after a few hours of its birth the mother too collapsed due to sudden cardiac arrest, Prof. Rohatgi said. The child was brought out of the womb after a Caesarean and the mother died when she was coming out of anaesthesia.

The Searchlight, June 3

MADRAS: A 50-year-old housewife and her three daughters ended their lives here this morning by jumping into a well following a domestic quarrel, according to the police. Another eight-year-old daughter of the woman, who also jumped into the well, was however saved by neighbours who rushed to rescue them on hearing the noise. One son did not join the suicide pact, the police said.

The Searchlight, June 6

FORBESGANJ: It is reported that two young men scaled the wall of Marwari Thakurbari on Wednesday last at 7 p.m. and robbed a widow of her bangles and necklace worth Rs. 5,000 at the point of a dagger. The widow was washing utensils. Police investigations are going on.

The Searchlight, June 7

CHAPRA: A middle-aged woman, Rukmani Devi, was stabbed to death in a group clash on June 4 in the Brahmpur mohalla of the town. It is reported that the lady was supervising the construction of a "pilani" over a disputed piece of land when she was attacked by the assailants, reported to be her "Anaits." One person has been arrested in this connection.

The Searchlight, June 9

MOTIHARI: Mr. Ramdat Singh of GRP Motihari arrested on Monday last, one Basmatia Devi and Bhrigunath Raut on the charge of dacoities on the Samastipur Section of the N.E. Rly. Twenty-three live rifle cartridges were also recovered from their possession. It is learnt that Basmatia Devi, a woman aged about 35, was working as an agent of dacoits.

The Searchlight, June 15

JHANSI: The police have rescued Mr. Premchand Jain, a rich citizen of Lalitpur from Mangawari village. He had been kidnapped a few days ago. The Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Mr. N. N. Sinha, said the kidnappers had demanded heavy ransom for releasing Mr. Jain.

Four persons, including a woman in whose home Mr. Jain was rescued, have been arrested.

The Searchlight, June 17

PATNA: That the Rotary Club also indulges in ritual condescensions to women was clear from the function held last night at a local hotel to celebrate Ladies Night.

The Ladies Night is an annual event of the Rotary Club, when for one brief evening the power of officiating, presiding and conducting the function is handed over to women. This year, after Rotary president Bimal Prakash had called the meeting to order, he handed over the gavel, symbol of power, to his wife, Rotarianne Premlata Prakash.

The Searchlight, June 19

NEW DELHI: 12-year-old Anjo Devi, who has been in a coma for ten days at the Mehrauli Tuberculosis Hospital in South Delhi, is still unconscious; her coma was due to an overdose of anaesthesia by a nonspecialist, the secretary of the hospital's employees union told PTI.

The hospital superintendent, when contacted, however, said that the girl's coma was due to the excessive heat of Delhi and not due to overdose of anaesthesia.

He said that anaesthesia was given by one of the doctors as the specialist was away. The girl was admitted on June 6.

The Searchlight, June 19

HAZARIBAGH: According to a report emanating from Ishri Bazar, modern Romeos loitering about with hippi-cut hair have been a social nuisance vitiating the atmosphere with their outrageous activities. A newly-wed couple was lured into a taxi and the taxi was diverted into a gravel path. The young woman was dragged out in the presence of the husband who was intimidated by a display of lethal weapons and her modesty was allegedly outraged by the youths, probably numbering four. After satisfying their lust, these youths looted the couple and sped away in the taxi leaving them in the solitary place. It was gathered that the taxi which carried the couple has been identified.

The Searchlight, June 19

DUMKA: A report received here from Palojiri under Kundahit reveals that one Mrs. Mridula Chakravorty (21), a teacher trainee, was murdered in the house of her father-in-law at village Amba in Jamtara subdivision. The Kundahit police has arrested the husband of the deceased and further investigations are going on.

The Searchlight, June 21

MADRAS: For the first time since the farmers' agitation started in Tamil Nadu eight days ago, a sizeable number of women courted arrest on Tuesday. Out of 1,800 people arrested in various parts of the state, women accounted for 180. It will be a Women's Day on Wednesday, according to a spokesman of the Agriculturists' Association.

The Times of India, June 4

BOMBAY: Untouchability is being practised by a group of residents surrounding the Harijan Zopadpatti Association Seva Mandir in Malad (East). The women of the 50-hut Harijan colony, it is alleged, are being harassed by higher caste women who throw their pitchers and other utensils when they go to a nearby well to draw water.

The Times of India, June 21

BOMBAY: A quarrel over eve-teasing led to the alleged murder of a 20 year-old youth, Dipak J. Anaphude, at Mahim yesterday evening, the police said. According to the police, the alleged culprit, Subhash Baburao Mahadik, and the victim were neighbours. On Friday night Dipak found Subhash teasing a girl and warned him.

The next day Dipak was reported to have used abusive language against Subhash. This infuriated Subhash, who stabbed Dipak. He was rushed to hospital, where he succumbed to injuries, the police said. No arrests have been made so far.

The Times of India, June 25

HYDERABAD: Two workers of the Bellampally coal mines in Adilabad district were killed when the police opened fire to quell a violent mob which attacked the Bellampally police station on Friday, it was officially stated here to day.

According to the police, the mob fury was a sequel to the alleged rape and death of a married woman on June 27. The woman, who was staying in the outhouse of the bungalow of the colliery officer, was allegedly raped by the son of the officer. Later she was found dead, hanged by a rope. The post-mortem report attributed death to suicide.

The workers, who were not satisfied with the post-mortem report, marched in a procession to the police station demanding autopsy again in the presence of the District Medical Officer, the police said. The bungalow of the officer was also attacked and ransacked. The police opened fire when the mob started attacking the police station with stones and the situation became uncontrollable.

According to police, the violence was organised by the Revolutionary Students' Union.

A head constable, who was seriously injured in the violence, was brought to Hyderabad for treatment last night.

The Times of India, July 3

LONDON: A childless couple was so anxious to have a baby that they hired a prostitute to be artificially inseminated by the husband, a London court was told. But the plan miscarried. The prostitute gave birth to a baby boy, reformed her life and decided to keep the baby. And the Judge ruled that she could keep him. The Judge said that he was satisfied that the woman was no longer in prostitution and would not revert to it. The baby had made all the difference to her. But the Judge ordered that the boy, who is not one year old, should never be told the circumstances of his birth.

KARACHI: Young Pakistani girls have been forbidden to work abroad because some were leading lives of sin, a government spokesman said. He said some young women had been ostensibly recruited for respectable jobs but had been made to take up a degrading way of life. Professional women, such as nurses and teachers, would, however, be allowed to work abroad, the spokesman added.

Times of India, June 11

Compiled by: Gouri Salvi

("The Searchlight" reports collected by Shireen Imam)

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I SEE A NEW CAR IN YOUR FUTURE...
NO MONEY DOWN....EASY PAYMENTS, AT DANDY MOTORS, 225 ELM ST.
KNOW THE FUTURE
I SEE YOU TAKING A LONG TRIP.....TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS BY GLOBAL TOURS, 372 FIRST AVE.
?
I SEE YOU MAKING NEW FRIENDS AT THE ELITE CAFE....DELICIOUS FOOD AT REASONABLE PRICES - OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY-
I SEE LOTS OF MONEY IN YOUR FUTURE....IF YOU INVEST NOW IN PYRAMID SAVINGS....
THAT WILL BE $10, PLEASE -
!
SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT HAVING TO PAY FOR COMMERCIALS -
1-29
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HA HA world of laughter

A great drinker being at table, they offered him grapes for dessert.

"Thank you," he said, pushing back the plate. "I don't take my wine in pills."

* * *

Wanda: "He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped a bullet when that bank bandit fired at him."

Ethel: "I'm not surprised. It would stop anything."

* * *

Plump One: "In the bus this morning three men jumped up and offered me their seats."

Slim One: "Did you take them, dear?"

* * *

Engineer's Sweetie: "And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

Driver: "Do I? I've wrecked two trains that way already."

Sweetie: "Oh you darling!"

* * *

John: "Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now —"

Joan: "Ah, love makes the world go round."

John: "Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast that I would lose my balance."

* * *

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you can divorce her in the manner to which she is accustomed?"

* * *

Mabel: "Have you heard I'm engaged to an Irish boy?"

Violet: "Oh really?"

Mabel: "No, O'Riley."

* * *

"I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest," mumured the supreme egotist as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

* * *

Mabel: "Did you ask father for my hand?"

Jack (bitterly): "Yes, I asked him over the 'phone and he replied, 'I don't know who's speaking, but it's okay with me.'"

* * *

Rural Parent: "Young man, I notice you are paying attention to my daughter. Now is it all on the square?"

Rural Lover: "No, it's mostly on the porch."

* * *

"Give me my golf clubs, the fresh air and a beautiful woman as a partner — and you can have the golf clubs and the fresh air."

* * *

I wish I were Adam, if I cracked a joke, nobody could say, "I've heard that one before."

* * *

"Madam," the butcher said, "I can't give you any more credit — your bill is bigger now than it should be."

"I know that — make it out for what it should be and I'll pay it."

* * *

My first book was so funny, one fellow fell out of his chair, laughing. But I'm all right now.

* * *

There was a young lady called Mabel,

Always ready and willing and able.

But she said of the bed,

"That thing hurts my head.

I'd prefer to make love on the table."

Compiled by George Fegradce

JEETU:

"I'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD"

N. Bharathi

He's a husband; the father of two; a successful star; very rich and very famous. Yet, there's something of the boy still lurking inside Jeetendra. Maybe that's what a lot of girls find attractive about him — possibly he arouses motherly instincts in his female admirers — be it Rekha or Hema or Mumtaz. As Hema's mother put it once, "I'd have liked Hema to marry Jeetu. At least he looks young and trim."

Besides his boyish charm and boyish looks, Jeetu is very careful about his physique. "Long before I became a film star, body building was a great passion with me. In fact I had more girlfriends then than after becoming a filmstar!"

Jeetu's care of his body is more or less well-known and widely joked about in film circles. Moushumi was once asked what she had learnt from her colleagues and pat came her reply, "I don't know about others, but from Jeetu I've learnt to drink lemon tea or put honey in milk to remain youthful, presentable and very trim." Jeetu is perpetually on a health kick, going in for balanced eating or skipping breakfast and settling for eggs in milk. . . not to forget all those saunas and exercises.

Jeetendra's health kick has paid off very well. Today, after more than a dozen years in the industry, he is still the best maintained male star going. No paunch, no dark circles beneath the eyes, no bulging cheeks, no double chins and no telltale signs of the drinks and fast living he sometimes likes to indulge in. In fact, recently a popular dress designer; while discussing various male stars, pointed out that Jeetendra was the one star for whom it was a sheer pleasure to tailor anything. He has the best physique, according to the dress designer.

As an actor, Jeetendra has always had a lucky streak running for him. After knocking around for a long time, he had "Farz" as his first big break. Right from then, although he has never been called the greatest artiste of our times, yet, right from then onwards, he has been very, very popular as a hero.

Some of the best film makers and best heroines have willingly worked with him—like B. R. Chopra ("The Burning Train", "Ghadi Ke Do Haath"), Basu Chatterjee ("Priyatama"), Gulzar, Hema Malini, Mumtaz, etc. In fact, Jeetendra is rock steady in his profession. Several people have come after him, overtaken him and then gone into semi-oblivion. But Jeetu is always around, always in the running, always one of the first five or ten.

One of the important reasons for Jeetu's survival in the industry is his popularity with his colleagues. Heroes and other co-stars invariably find him hassle-free and easy to work with. You hear of every actor in the industry having a tiff with his rival or petty jealousies spoiling normal relationships. But Jeetu is never involved in any controversy. Be it Dharam or Amitabh or Rajesh or Vinod Khanna, Jeetu is friendly with all of them.

Sometime back when it was pointed out that younger heroes had overtaken him in the Super Star status, Jeetu merely dismissed it as a game of fate and said time was the ultimate deciding factor. Not even a trace of envy was visible. Jeetu's best point is his contentment. He's is in no hurry to prove his popularity or his histrionics.

Proving his talent was more difficult than gaining popularity. He proved it only after Gulzar took him under his wing and presented him in sober roles. But Jeetu has been intelligent in his moves. While the applause for his Gulzar-type films was an achievement, he also knew that he couldn't survive on just that as a filmstar. Jeetu cleverly, accepted his usual fighting-dancing roles — the ones that had him labelled Jumping Jack Jeetu. These are the roles that the masses like to see him in. And according to Jeetu, "The dancing roles are more difficult to do than the sober ones."

Jeetu is popular in all the camps that he works in. But somehow, it is the producers from the South who have the softest corner for Jeetendra. L. V. Prasad heads the list. Perhaps it is his frequent trips to Madras and his close and long association with the South that has made him an ardent devotee of Tirupati. Jeetu is often in Tirupati before an important release. As a matter of fact, his own production unit is called Tirupati films.

The production unit is looked after successfully by his brother who also handles Jeetu's dates and other business affairs. That way, his family is involved in all his dealings. While brother Prasan looks after all the business work (and more), Jeetu still likes handing over his earnings to his father. "All of us take whatever money we need from my father," he grins, again looking boyishly young.

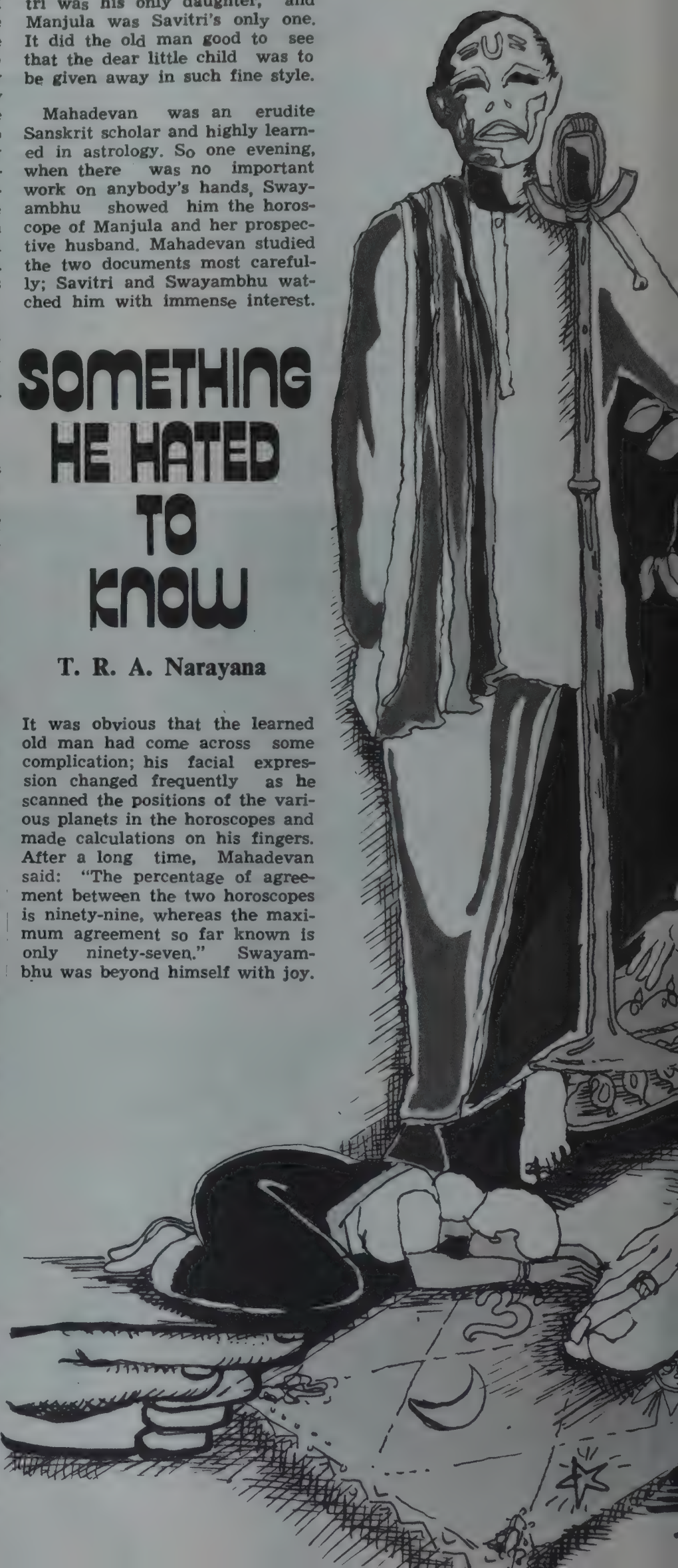
Career-wise, Jeetu is as busy as the next star. "I've never had it so good," he admits, as he shunts from shift to shift. Along with his steady career, Jeetu's personal life is also looking up. After drifting from one friendship into another, Jeetendra at last found an anchor in the family he started after marrying Shobha. Weekends you find him cooking chicken for close friends, which Shobha loves to eat. The best way to sum up the present Jeetu would be in Shobha's words: "He was a terrible boyfriend. But he's a terrific husband!"

Photograph: Haresh Daftary

SOMETHING HE HATED TO KNOW

T. R. A. Narayana

It was obvious that the learned old man had come across some complication; his facial expression changed frequently as he scanned the positions of the various planets in the horoscopes and made calculations on his fingers. After a long time, Mahadevan said: "The percentage of agreement between the two horoscopes is ninety-nine, whereas the maximum agreement so far known is only ninety-seven." Swayambhu was beyond himself with joy.



Chempara had never witnessed such a large gathering. Even in the most exciting days of the Civil Disobedience movement, all-India leaders could not collect so many of the village population to hear their message. The occasion in the present case was not of any extraordinary importance, either. It was only the sixtieth birthday of a man of the village. Hundreds and thousands of men had had their sixtieth birthday celebrated, but certainly not on this scale.

But, the man whose sixtieth birthday it was, was Mangaappuram Neelakanthan Swayambhu. That explained both the number and the spirit of the congregation. To be mathematically accurate, eleven men over ninety, seven women past the age of eighty, 22 children below four, three young men undergoing medical treatment and two young women lying in the village maternity home — these were the only people of Chempara who did not attend the function to felicitate Shri Swayambhu.

Having commenced exactly at the stroke of four in the afternoon, the meeting was still going on in full swing at seven. Speaker after speaker rose up in quick succession to eulogise the goodness and greatness of the sexagenarian in the choicest words in Malayalam, Tamil, Sanskrit and English. The panchayat president, Panamoottil Kannan Kunhiraaman, had to stare each speaker into winding up his speech. At eight o'clock, Shri Kunhiraaman rose up and said there was to be no more speech-making. He presented to Swayambhu a silken purse containing fresh currency notes amounting to sixty-six-thousand-six-hundred-and-sixty-six rupees. He spoke just a few dozen words and then requested Swayambhu to address the audience.

Swayambhu, everybody knew, was a man of few words. He bowed to the people around and before him, and said:

"I am very grateful for all the kindness I have received today, and for many days before, from all of you. I wish you every prosperity and happiness in the coming years. I have served you as well as I was able to, for the last forty years, as Head Master of the High School, President of the Panchayat Board, Manager of the Co-operative Bank, Chairman of the Agricultural Association, President of the Social Club, Founder-Leader of the Bhajan Mandali, etc. I am laying down all these offices because I wish the responsibilities attached to them to be taken up by younger and stronger shoulders. But, needless to say, I shall always be happy to be of any use to any of you, personally. You know me well enough. So I will not say more on this point.

"I request for your indulgence to speak a few words on a subject dear to my heart. There are many young women in the audience. They were all my students once and will not, I hope, mind my giving them just one more lesson in morals. All that I have been, am and will be, I owe to the support given to me by my wife Savitri. The Shastras say that it is a sin to praise one's wife to others. Today I am tempted to commit that sin. I will only say that the woman has been everything that the ideal wife is defined to be in all the books I have read. I pray that it may be given to each and every young woman here to live as Savitri has lived. Savitri is not here; that just bears out what I have said of her.

"Thank you all, again, from the bottom of my heart. May Lord Guruvaayoorappan shower His choicest blessings on you all, always!"

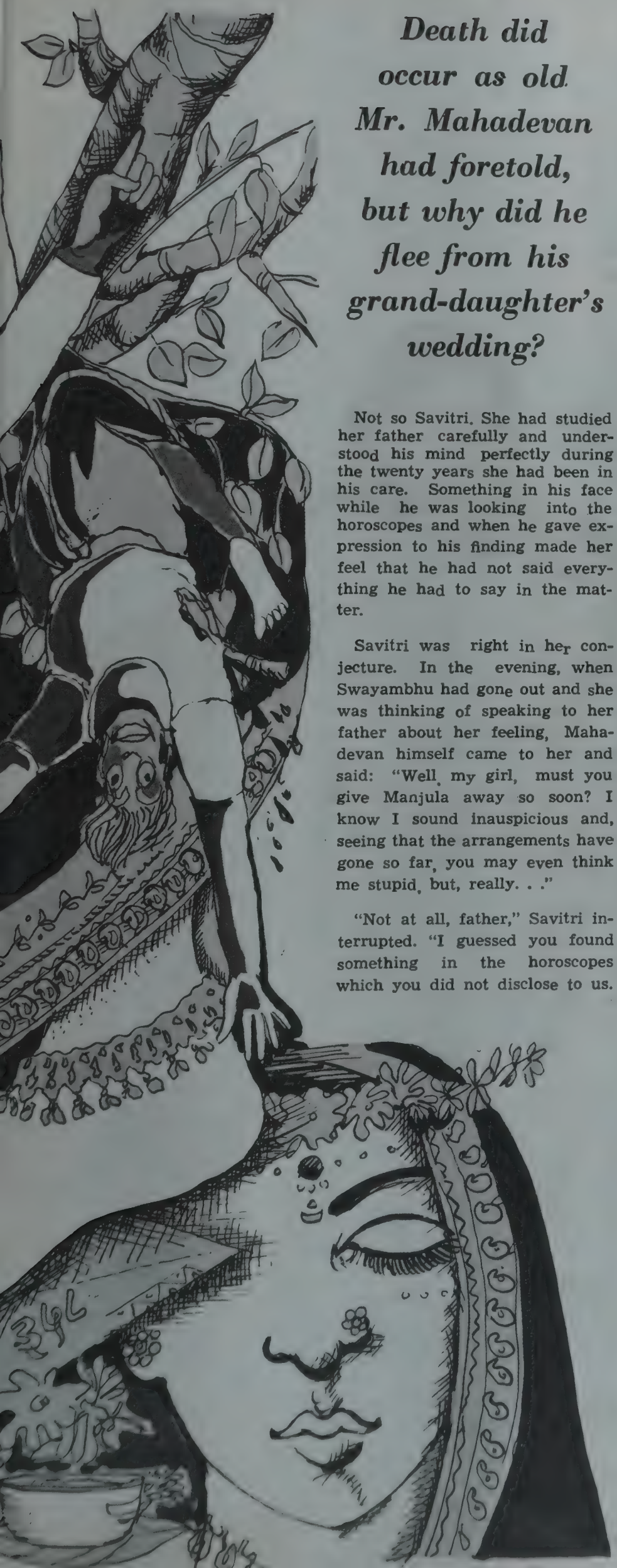
Two months after Swayambhu's retirement from Chempara's active public life, an important matter concerning his personal life came up — the marriage of his only daughter Manjula. Manjula's three elder brothers had gone out of the village and secured good jobs in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta; two younger brothers were in college at Palghat. Manjula was twenty, a B. A., and charming. From the day he retired, Swayambhu had been trying hard to give the girl away in marriage. He was able to find a fine boy whose horoscope agreed and settled the points of negotiations with the boy's people. The ceremony was fixed for January 20, the first auspicious day of the marriage season.

Swayambhu's father-in-law, Mahadeva Iyer by name, had been a high officer of the Central Government and had settled down in Delhi after retirement, because all his three sons were employed there. Past seventy-two and a widower, Mahadevan felt that year's Delhi cold too much for his weak chest. He was thinking of staying in Chempara for a couple of months to take the very efficacious Ayurvedic treatment for which the village was famous. And, just then, he got Savitri's letter announcing the coming marriage of her only daughter. The old gentleman was only too glad to be at Chempara for the happy event.

The arrangements for the marriage were going apace. Swayambhu naturally wished the occasion to be a grand one, and did not spare effort or expenditure. The Chempara people, men, women and children, all placed themselves at his disposal. Manjula's marriage promised to become the finest festival of the year — even grander than the annual mela in honour of the Mother Goddess.

Mahadevan watched the progress of the marriage preparations with pride and satisfaction. Savitri was his only daughter, and Manjula was Savitri's only one. It did the old man good to see that the dear little child was to be given away in such fine style.

Mahadevan was an erudite Sanskrit scholar and highly learned in astrology. So one evening, when there was no important work on anybody's hands, Swayambhu showed him the horoscope of Manjula and her prospective husband. Mahadevan studied the two documents most carefully; Savitri and Swayambhu watched him with immense interest.



Death did occur as old Mr. Mahadevan had foretold, but why did he flee from his grand-daughter's wedding?

Not so Savitri. She had studied her father carefully and understood his mind perfectly during the twenty years she had been in his care. Something in his face while he was looking into the horoscopes and when he gave expression to his finding made her feel that he had not said everything he had to say in the matter.

Savitri was right in her conjecture. In the evening, when Swayambhu had gone out and she was thinking of speaking to her father about her feeling, Mahadevan himself came to her and said: "Well, my girl, must you give Manjula away so soon? I know I sound inauspicious and, seeing that the arrangements have gone so far, you may even think me stupid, but, really. . ."

"Not at all, father," Savitri interrupted. "I guessed you found something in the horoscopes which you did not disclose to us. Tell me, now, please. I can take it, whatever it is. It is still quite possible to cancel the marriage, if necessary."

Mahadevan said: "What I told you about the agreement between the horoscopes is the truth. But, Manjula's own horoscope shows, clearly and incontrovertibly, that her **janayitaa**, that is progenitor, will die the very moment her marriage is solemnised! I got so worried when this was revealed to my eyes! I could not say this before Swayambhu. Equally, I cannot hide it, so I am telling you now. Perhaps you can tell this to Swayambhu tactfully and get him to postpone the girl's marriage for as long as possible. Manjula is only twenty, and can remain unmarried for another five or six years. If this boy will not wait, we can get some other, later. Your husband is just turned sixty; it would be awful to lose him now, and that knowingly!"

That night, Savitri did tell Swayambhu about her father's finding and advice. Swayambhu had great respect for his learned father-in-law, but he thought he had entered into a contract with the boy's family and considered it sinful even to think of backing out of it. As for the risk to his life, it was his firm conviction that he would live just as long as Lord Guruvaayoorappan willed Savitri's **mangalasootram** to stay around her neck. The marriage was to be conducted as planned in spite of what his father-in-law had said.

Manjula's three elder brothers reached Chempara in the first week of January and ably assisted their father. On the seventeenth of the month all the three sons of Mahadevan too arrived with their wives and children. Swayambhu's house became gay and brilliant, with well-dressed and bedecked ladies moving about briskly and the little ones boisterous in playful mirth.

The marriage day came. The ceremonies started. Everything was going in perfect order and magnificent style. The congregation of people was, if anything, slightly larger than at Swayambhu's birthday function, because of the addition of so many relatives from both sides.

Manjula's graceful neck was graced with the **mangalasootram**. The Vedic chants appropriate to the rite sanctified the air of the marriage pandal, while the playing of the naadaswaram and tavul enriched it with the sound of music. Saptapadi, the ritual seven steps together, which confirms the boy and girl as man and wife, was going on. The men and women around the mandap craned their necks forward as the youthful bride, attired in gorgeously embroidered silk and bedecked in brilliant jewellery, splendorous in the bashful confusion of her new status, lifted up her shapely ivory feet behind her husband — one, two, three, four, five, six. . .

Just when Manjula had put her right foot down and the presiding priest called out "seven," someone cried out, "Oh, God!" All eyes turned in the direction of that inauspicious cry. Then there was a rush of men and women this way and that, and a lot of confused shouting.

Mahadevan was sitting in a low easychair, some distance from the mandap. For one thing, his legs were giving trouble; for another, the smoke from the homa-kunda burned his weak eyes. Seeing and hearing the confusion, he got up slowly and walked towards the main gate of the pandal, where people had collected thickly. Everyone was speaking, and nothing was clear to Mahadevan. He strained his ears and racked his brain to understand the sense of all the talking. At last, he was able to make out the gist of what was said.

Adjacent to the compound on which Swayambhu's house stood was a tiny plot with a shed on it. A carpenter lived in the shed with his family. While the marriage ceremonies were going on, the man was perched on a tree and watching them with great interest. At the very moment when Manjula put down her right foot after the presiding priest had called out "seven," the man fell off the tree and on the tools he had left under the tree. A large chisel had pierced through his left side and into his heart; the man was dead when Swayambhu's servants standing near the pandal gate lifted him up from a pool of blood.

When the Vedic rites of the marriage were over, and Manjula and her husband were to prostrate themselves before their elders for their blessings, Savitri and Swayambhu looked for Mahadevan. They looked in vain.

Savitri's very learned father, Mahadevan, was at that time walking on his weak legs towards the railway station two miles away — because he knew something he hated to know.

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the ninth of the 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. This unique scheme was announced in our issues dated December 3 and 10, 1977.

A wide range of go-anywhere casuals for you to pick and choose from. The knee length tunic tops, with long side slits allow you to move freely around the clock. The hi-fashioned salwar and kameez ensembles are specially designed for the cooler days ahead. Sarees can be casual or formal — that's up to you. Designs and colours have a varied choice to suit individual whims and fancies. All these outfits may be for you to wear, for you may be the lucky winner of these marvellous range of outfits.

Eve's Weekly / SOPHISTICATION

WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

_____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments.
   1st Prize: Rs. 5000; 2nd Prize Rs. 2500; 3rd Prize Rs. 1500 PLUS ten consolation prizes Rs. 100 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly around February 1979. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. **A minimum of 10 coupons must be sent in one lot, latest by December 20, 1978, after the publication of the 12th feature in November, to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400023.**

IMPORTANT
NNOUNCEMENTS

are informed by several readers that y were unable to start collecting the pons from the beginning of this con-. Therefore, we are hereby revising rules; those who have missed out the earlier coupons will now be ible to participate in the draw if collect two coupons each from this nth onwards upto the twelfth feature November). This will give them a ewed chance to collect the minimum 10 coupons necessary to qualify for draw.

EXHIBITION

histication boutique will hold an ex-tion-cum-sale of their exclusively d garments in Calcutta, Ahmedabad Bombay between September '78 to ember '78. A fantastic chance to te a sensation in your wardrobe. ch out for further announcements ur forthcoming September Win-A-drobe feature.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

Ssssssh.....she's learning

Anjali is beginning to do what we have been doing for 188 years—learning. Like her, Parryware started young. And from there it's been a never ending process. Developing and perfecting our techniques scientifically, to give you Durability and Reliability.

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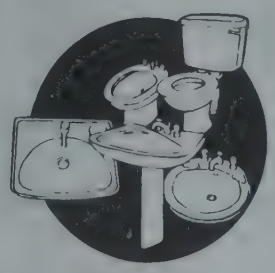
—And we're still learning.



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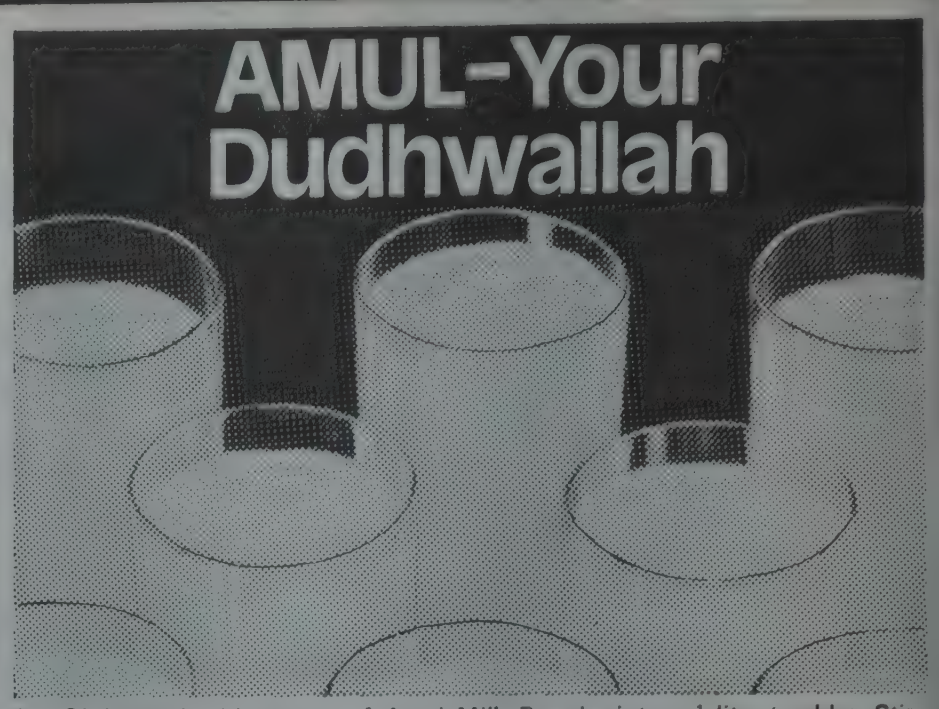
AMUL–Your Dudhwallah

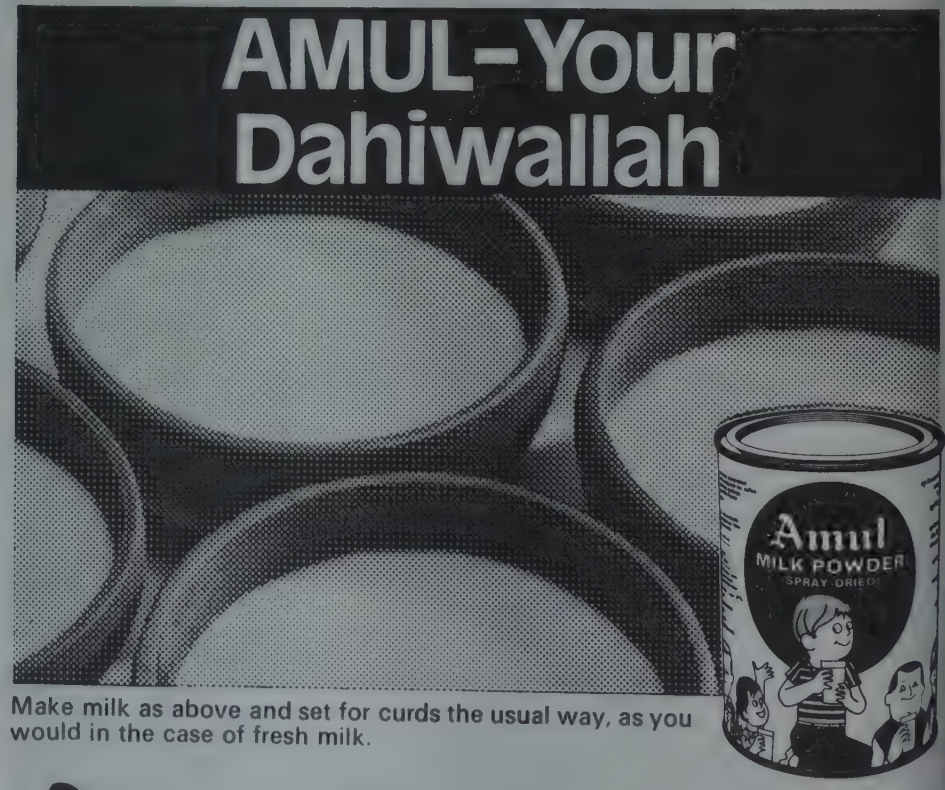


Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL–Your Chaiwallah

Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

AMUL–Your Dahiwallah



Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

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DISCOVER BEAUTY IN THE KITCHEN

Dilbar Debara

Through the ages women have sought ways and means of beautifying themselves. Back in 50 B.C., Cleopatra prepared herself for a typical day of political intrigues by painting a generous amount of black kohl above her eyes, stroking green kohl below them, thickening her dark lashes and brows with more of the black substance made from antimony, and by being rubbed with fragrant oils.

It is believed that the art of cosmetics originated in Egypt. Egyptian women experimented with cosmetics to enhance their beauty. Crude paints were used with great skill especially to beautify the eyes. They also painted lips and cheeks usually with red ochre. The red pigment from henna was applied to the hair and nails. Olive oil and castor oil were used to smoothen the skin and hair. Perfumes included those of bitter almond, aniseed, cassia, cedar, cinnamon, ginger, peppermint, rose, sandalwood and gingergrass. Henna flowers, iris roots, honey, wine etc. were favourites of the perfumers.

How does the present day beauty rate?

During those early teen years, it is well to start a lifetime habit of the care of the skin, hair, and nails.

A girl should have a clean, well-cared skin, bright smile and clean, shiny hair. The thing to remember is that improper use of cosmetics can do as much damage as neglect. Make-up layered on an unclean skin day after day can result in a spotty complexion. But cosmetics properly used can enhance your beauty. They can disguise minor disfigurations and make a plain Jane into someone very special.

Did you know that your kitchen is replete with useful beauty aids? Find out what suits you — you can do this by experimenting.

So you'd like a good complexion? Who wouldn't? Only a lucky few have a good skin. But even good skin needs proper care. The skin can be kept healthy by thorough cleansing and treating it with cosmetic preparations to keep its tone and glow through the years. The best cold cream is fresh milk cream. If your skin is extra oily, add a few drops of lemon juice to the cream before application. If it is dry add a few drops of almond oil. Another suggestion is using a paste of besan and cream. Leave it on for about ten minutes before washing it off with tepid water.

Useful as well as inexpensive beauty aids are there in your kitchen

Very hot or ice cold water can erupt some of the protective tissues of your face. An occasional steaming, however, will not only deep clean your pores because of the increased perspiration it produces, but will bring a natural blush. Then dab your face with cold water to prevent too much relaxation of the pores.

Lubrication is second essential of skin care to stimulate the skin. Take oilve oil and work up and out on the cheeks and don't forget to stroke upward on the neck. You must prevent your skin from becoming too dry and protect the natural drying effects of the sun and air.

How much sun you can take without hurting your skin depends on how much melanin it contains. Melanin is the substance the body produces to protect the skin from burning. The darker your skin tones, the more sun you can stand. But if the worst sun burn affects you, use olive oil on the area — it is an excellent soother. Or mash a few tomatoes in about a cup of buttermilk and spread the paste on the area. Leave it on for an hour.

If your skin looks dull you should introduce juices in your diet. Tomatoes are rich in vitamins that do so much for skin beauty. Or try beet and carrot juice which contain Vitamin A. Avoid fatty foods and too much fried and spicy food. Include in your diet fish, curds and honey.

Girls with oily skin need not worry about a shiny nose, a skin surface that holds make-up badly — worst of all a tendency to large pores which are natural nests for blackheads. The white of an egg applied on the skin after having washed and rinsed it will help. After 20/30 minutes rinse your face again — first with lukewarm water then with cold water.

Another way is to apply the thickest blobs of milk of magnesia on the skin and follow the same method as for the egg-white. When your skin is dry, very gently but thoroughly rub lemon juice on it which is an effective astringent. It cleanses the pores as well as shrinks them.

Now to the Masquerade Ball. Masks were used not only by Cleopatra but her great grandmother as well for masks have been used to cleanse and tone the skin since earliest times. They rejuvenate your face while you relax. While using a mask avoid the area round the eyes. Rose water serves as a tonic for a normal skin.

Try this olive oil and honey mask. Add a few drops of fresh lemon juice to a little olive oil. Smear this on the face with absorbent cotton and then some honey with your fingers.

If your skin has suddenly started erupting into pimples, mix boric powder and eau-de-cologne to make a paste. This will not only dry out the pus but also leave the skin free of any scars.

Whenever you have mashed potatoes, keep some back and apply to your hands. It makes an excellent mask for the hands.

Rain water is good for every type of skin. Don't hesitate to expose your face to the rain.

If you live near the coast, make the most of the benefits of the sea — the treatment is gratis! Sea water cleanses the skin, firms the muscles and stimulates the circulation.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

CORNY MEALS

Premila Lal

Variety in food is what every housewife desires in her day to day cooking. So, make the best use of the seasonal foods available in the market and treat your family to something delicious for a change. Corn —available in plenty from July to October — is a favourite among all. Nutritious and rather starchy, they are at their best when picked fresh just before cooking. Fresh corns are moist and juicy, with kernels that are soft and milky and these are on the whole easy and faster to cook as well as more easily digestible. Corns are best served in cream and butter or made into a whole meal. They are also super when baked over a "sighree" and eaten with a dash of salt and chilli powder

CORN EGG SOUP

4 corn cobs
2 cubes chicken essence
2 eggs
7 cups water
Salt and pepper to taste

Grate and boil corn in water till soft, stirring constantly. Keep aside. Now boil the 7 cups of water with the chicken essence and mix with the boiled corn. Season with salt and pepper to taste. While on the fire break the eggs in it and stir. Boil for ten seconds and take off the heat. Put in a pat of butter and serve in cups, hot and steaming. If too thick mix some more boiled water.

Makes about a dozen cups of soup. It is also delicious with an addition of chopped shrimp or shredded chicken — Garnish with coriander or parsley leaves.

CORN GOSHT

240 grams mutton (boneless)
350 grams tender corn kernels
240 grams onions (finely chopped)
60 grams ghee
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds
3-4 green chillis, chopped
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the mutton. Cut into small cubes. Add turmeric powder to the corns and mix well. Keep aside. Heat ghee in a saucepan and fry onions till slightly brown. Then add chillis and salt together with the corns, and the mutton cubes. Keep frying without adding any water till it becomes golden brown. Add a tablespoon of water if necessary and cook till tender. Sprinkle with baked and powdered cummin seeds just before serving.

CHICKEN CORN CASSEROLE

2½ cups sliced, cooked chicken
1 tbsp. capsicum, chopped
2 cups cooked corn kernels
3 tbsps. flour
3 tsps. cheese, grated
30 grams cream
¼ tbsp. mustard powder
1½ cups stock
2 tbsps. butter
½ tsp. freshly ground pepper
Salt to taste

Pour the stock into saucepan. Heat and strain. Heat 1 tbsp. of butter and fry the green pepper. Drain and remove from pan. Combine the flour and the remaining butter and stir in the stock. Cook till it thickens, stirring all the time. Then add the capsicum, cooked corn, cream, salt, pepper and mustard. Grease a baking dish. Arrange the chicken pieces in it and pour in the mixture. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake for about 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

CORN WITH SPINACH

250 grams cooked corn kernels
250 grams spinach, cleaned and chopped
2 onions, chopped
4 cloves garlic
2 tbsps. ghee
4 tomatoes, chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 green chilli
½ tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste

In a saucepan, heat ghee and fry the tomatoes, garlic and onions slightly brown. Add the spices and salt. Cook for a while longer then add the spinach and cook on a low fire for about 15 minutes. Put in the corn and cook until the oil floats to the top.

CORN PATIA

500 grams cooked corn kernels
3 large onions
1 tsp. chilli powder
8 green chillis

1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. coriander powder
4 cloves garlic
1 tbsp. vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
1 green mango, chopped
Sweet oil (til)
Salt to taste

Grind the green chillis, garlic and cummin seeds. Wash off the masala from the grinding stone with a cupful of water and keep aside. Chop the onions finely and fry in hot oil till light gold in colour. Add the ground masala. Cook till it begins to bubble, then add the turmeric, coriander powder, chilli powder and fry for a while. Add the corn. Add the masala water and salt and cook till the corn is soft. Add more water if necessary. Now add the chopped mango, vinegar and sugar. Cook till the oil floats to the top and remove from the fire. Serve with kitcheree.

CORN DELIGHT

6 tender corn cobs
1 glass milk
1 tbsp. ghee
3 green chillis, ground
2 thin slices of fresh ginger
Salt
Fresh lemon
Parsley, finely chopped
Grated coconut

Grate the cobs and fry in a pan with hot ghee. Let it simmer for a minute or two. Add the milk and cook on a low fire. Take care that it doesn't stick to the pan. Stir continuously. When nearly ready add salt, ground chillis and ginger and squeeze lemon to taste. Serve hot, garnished with finely chopped parsley and grated fresh coconut.

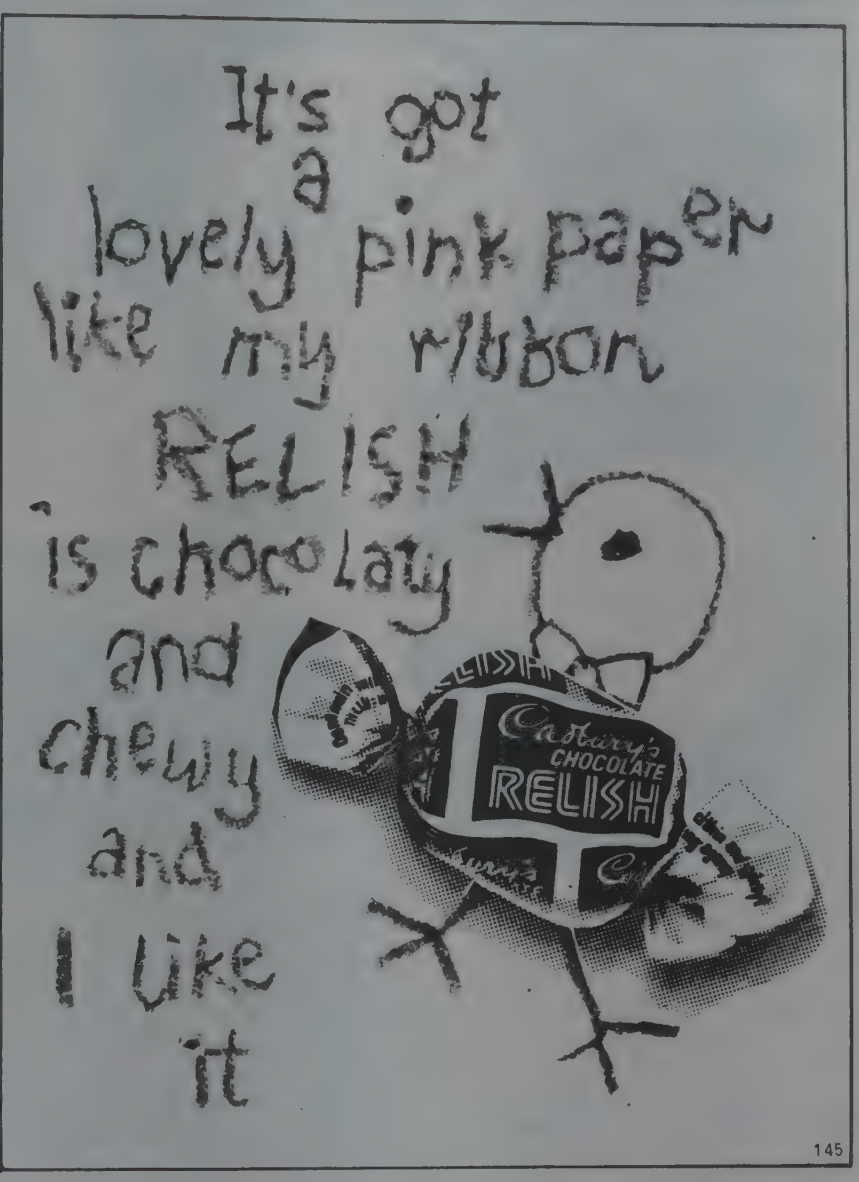
SPICY CHILLI CORN CARNE

500 grams meat ground
½ cup red beans (rajma)
4 large onions
6 cloves garlic
3 tsps. red chilli powder
1 capsicum (simla mirchi)
1 tbsp. cummin seed powder
2 green chillis, minced
3 cups tomatoes peeled and chopped
4 cloves
2 bay leaves
4 peppercorns
4 tbsps. corn kernels, grated
1 cup salad or cooking oil
Salt to taste

Soak the beans overnight. Chop the onions, garlic and capsicum. Heat the oil and saute till brown. Put in the chilli powder, cloves, bay leaves, minced green chillis, peppercorns, cummin seed powder and the meat. Brown together till dry. Add 3 cups of water and salt to taste. Simmer for an hour. Meanwhile cook the beans separately till tender. When meat is tender put in the beans and peeled and chopped tomatoes. Cook for 25 minutes stirring occasionally. Add kernels and cook till thickened.

CORN CURRY

250 grams corn kernels
2 onions
1 ripe tomato, chopped
1 tsp. jaggery
1 tsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped



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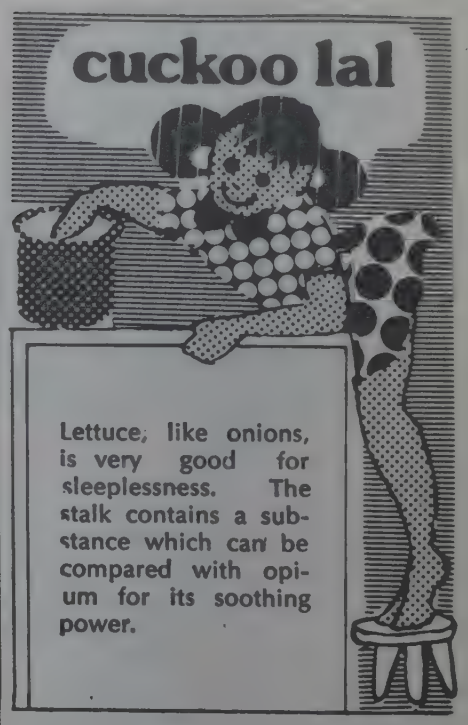
Cadbury's CHOCOLATE RELISH It's a mouthful!


cuckoo lal
Lettuce, like onions, is very good for sleeplessness. The stalk contains a substance which can be compared with opium for its soothing power.

Ghee for frying
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 tsp. poppy seeds
1 tsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. gingelly seeds
2 red dry chillis
1 tsp. mango powder
¼ coconut
½ tsp. turmeric powder

Chop the onions and brown in a little ghee. Add the masala paste and cook till it separates from the ghee. Add corn, chopped tomato, jaggery, salt to taste and two cups of water. Cook gently till the corn is tender. Serve hot, garnished with coriander leaves and accompanied by hot puris.

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Rosy Carvalho of Bombay, wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Welkfield, a Supercook Gas Tandoor from M/s. Globe Super Parts and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

SPICY TROTTERS

1 doz. trotters (cut into pieces)
350-400 grams onions, finely cut
3 tbsps. vinegar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. garam masala powder

GRIND TOGETHER:

4 cardamoms
8 cloves
10 peppercorns
2" piece of cinnamon
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. mustard seeds
5-6 tbsps. ghee for frying

Clean and wash the trotters well. Marinate them in the above dry and ground masalas and keep aside for 1-2 hours. Melt ghee in a pressure cooker. Add the onions and fry till brown. Now add the marinated trotters and cook till it catches the utensil. Add sufficient water to cover. Look for half an hour or till done and a thick gravy is left. Serve hot with bread or rice.

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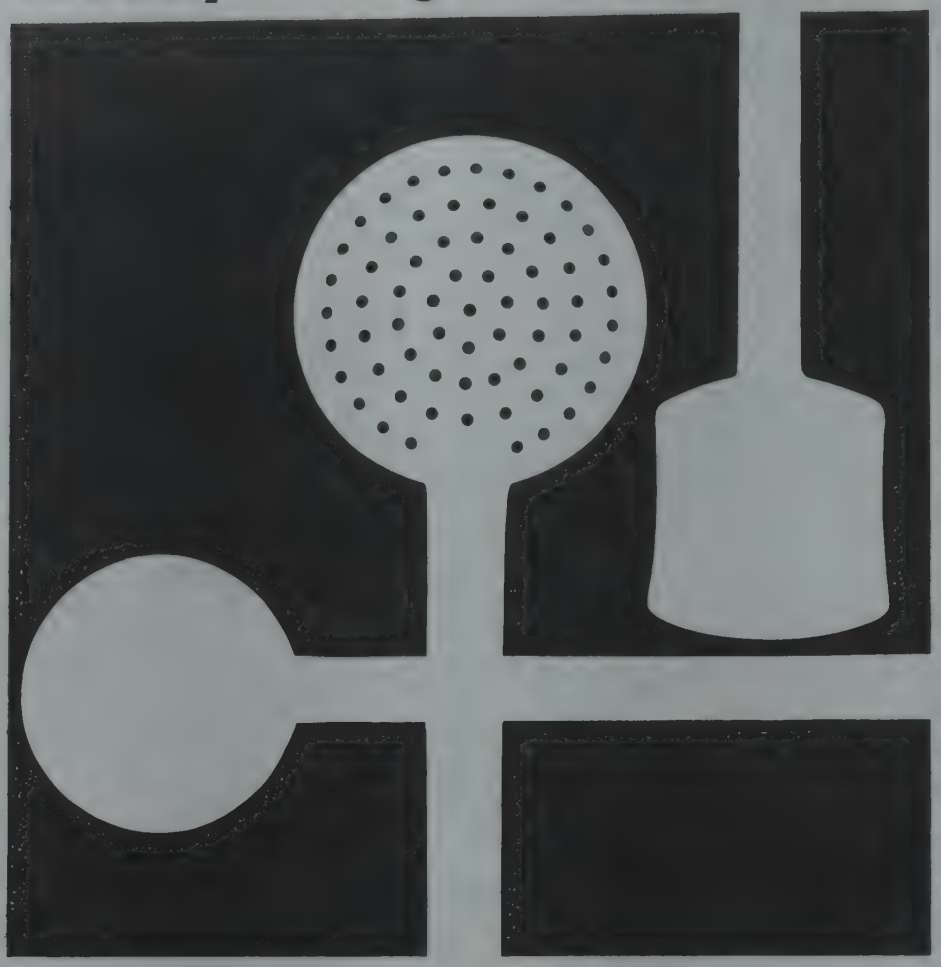

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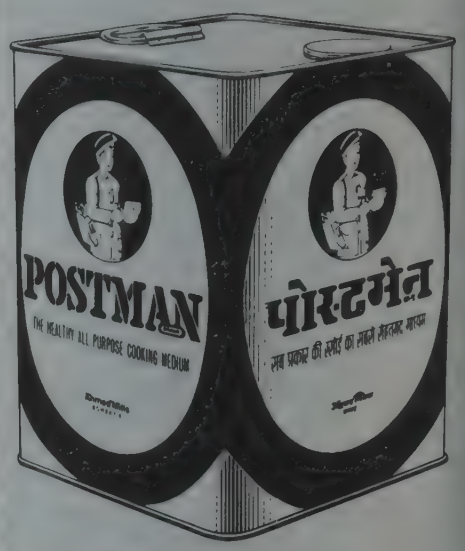

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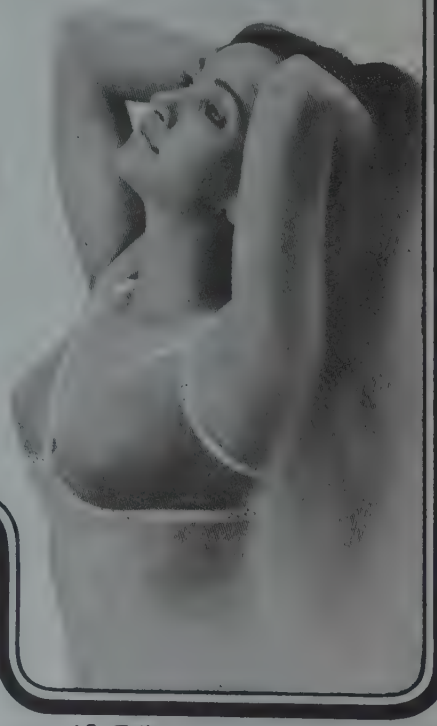

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Vandana Bhargav
New Delhi.

SHAHI MALAI — SPECIAL

- 1 cup fresh cream (malai)
- 100 grams cottage cheese, diced
- 50 grams cashewnuts, halved (optional)
- 50 grams makhana
- 2 tomatoes
- 1 medium size onion, grated
- 1 piece ginger, grated
- A small piece cinnamon
- 1 or 2 bay leaves
- ¼ tsp. turmeric
- ½ tsp. red chilli powder
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tbsp. ghee
- 1 tsp. sugar

Heat ghee in frying pan and add grated onions and ginger. When brown, add cinnamon, bay leaves, chilli powder, salt, turmeric, coriander powder and tomatoes. Fry till light brown. Now add the cream to the masala. Keep stirring. Let it cool. Just before the cream gives out fat add the cheese cubes, makhanas, cashewnuts, sugar and garam-masala. Cook for a minute or two and remove from fire. Serve hot.

Mrs. S. Chatterjee, New Delhi.

SOUTH INDIAN CAULIFLOWER

- 1 big cauliflower
- ½ coconut
- ½ bunch coriander leaves
- 8-10 green chillis
- 1½ cups of tomato pulp
- 2 tbsps. tamarind
- 2 tsps. sugar
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. ghee
- 1 big onion, chopped
- A small piece ginger
- 4 cloves garlic
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- Salt to taste

Shred the coconut. In half of the shredded coconut put one and half cups of water and extract milk. With the other half, mix and grind the coriander leaves, tamarind, chilli powder, turmeric, pepper, sugar, vinegar, ginger, garlic, cummin seeds and salt to a fine paste. Clean the cauliflower keeping it whole. Boil it in salted water till slightly tender. Take half the quantity of the above masala and fill it inbetween the flowerettes. Mix the remaining half with the coconut milk and the tomato pulp. Heat the ghee in a dekchi and fry the finely chopped onions and chillis till golden brown. Then pour in the coconut milk mixture. After the mixture boils, put in the cauliflower and cook till it becomes tender and little gravy is left.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Indra Srivastava of Bombay, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

STUFF PAPAYA MUSALLAM

- 1 medium sized raw papaya
- 50 grams curd
- 4 tbsps. ghee

GRIND TO A PASTE A:

- ½ tsp. red chilli powder
- ½ tsp. garam masala powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 6 flakes garlic
- 1 piece ginger
- 1 green chilli
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE B:

- 4 cloves
- 4 pepper corns
- 1 piece cinnamon
- 2 large cardamoms
- 4 almonds (optional)
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 1 cup water

Peel the papaya and prick all over with fork. Make lengthwise slits 2-3 inches long and remove seeds etc. Wash thoroughly. Mix the ground masala A with curd. Rub this mixture to the papaya and leave aside for one hour.

FOR THE FILLING:

- 4 potatoes
- 1 onion
- 200 grams peas, shelled
- 1 tbsp. plum (pulp)
- ¼ tsp. pepper powder
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon powder
- ¼ tsp. sugar
- 2 green chillis
- ½" piece ginger
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- Coriander and mint leaves
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. ghee

Boil potatoes and peas. Peel and mash them. Mince onion, green chillis and ginger. Chop coriander and mint leaves. In a pan heat 2 tablespoons ghee and fry onions, green chillis, ginger till brown. Add peas, potatoes, coriander, mint, plum, sugar, vinegar, salt, pepper and cinnamon. Keep stirring for 5 minutes. Remove from stove and cool. Stuff the papaya with this stuffing through each slit and bind with thread widthwise.

Heat 4 spoons ghee in the cooker. Put in stuffed papaya and brown it all over. Add the masala paste 'B' and stir for 2 minutes. Add 1 cup water. Close lid. Place cooker on maximum heat. Bring to full cooking pressure reduce to medium heat and cook for 5 minutes. Open cooker, replace on stove and dry water if any. Garnish with coriander leaves. Serve with tomato sauce and fried potatoes.

Harpreet Mahajan, New Delhi.

VEGETABLE CUTLETS

- ½ cup carrots, finely chopped
- ½ cup beans, finely chopped
- ½ cup cabbage, grated
- ½ cup bean sprouts
- ½ cup peas
- 1 cup potatoes, mashed
- 1 cup spring onions, finely chopped
- 4-5 green chillis, finely chopped
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 2 tbsps. flour
- ½ cup breadcrumbs
- 1 tbsp. soya sauce
- ¼ tsp. aginomoto
- ½ tsp. black pepper
- Salt to taste
- Ghee or oil for frying

Heat oil. Fry carrots, beans and peas. Sprinkle little water and salt and half tablespoon sugar. When cooked, add cabbage, spring onions, green chillis and fry. Add salt and sprinkle half tablespoon sugar over it. Lastly, add bean sprouts and fry a little. Add flour, aginomoto, soya sauce, black pepper, (and more salt to taste if necessary). Mix well. When the mixture is thick remove from fire. Mix in the mashed potatoes. Make cutlets of desired shape. Pass through breadcrumbs and deep fry in hot ghee or oil.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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WIDOWHOOD TODAY

A LONG WAY FROM THE DARK PAST

Vrunda Moghe Dev

Although the stigma attached to widowhood has reduced over the ages, especially in the cities, the widow today still faces many restrictions and problems

"If a cat crosses your way, go back thirty steps, if a widow crosses your path, go back home and forget about getting your work done," goes an old saying. There was no worse omen than a widow crossing your way. In ancient Indian society, the loss of a husband meant the loss of everything and a widow had to perform "sati."

With the discontinuation of this deadly practice came the more torturous treatment that widows were given. The belief that a widow had no rightful place in society still flourished. A widow's life was full of penance and austerity. Such was their life that many widows felt that ending one's life on the husband's funeral pyre was far better than living such a painful existence.

During the second World War, some visitors were "pained" to find a painting entitled, "This is India" in the Munich Art Gallery. The painting showed a widow being dragged on the ghats of the Ganga to get her head shaven. These visitors were only used to the picture of a glorious India. In eulogizing the greatness of this country's golden past, many Indologists had deliberately overlooked these callous practices and thus projected a very happy, but one-sided picture. What took place on the ghats of the Ganga and the Godavari was the sad reality, a bitter pill to swallow.

The practice of "keshavapan" or the shaving of one's head had to be followed by bereaved men too but for them it was a temporary thing. For a widow it was permanent. She had to keep her head shaven through the rest of her life and not wear good clothes or jewellery. The idea was never to look attractive again.

In Maharashtra, such shaven widows had to wear deep red saris, red glass bangles, cover their heads and not use any kum kum or sindur. In South India, widows had to wear fawn-coloured sarees, and no blouses. In Bengal, widows could not eat fish, which forms the Bengali's staple and favourite diet.

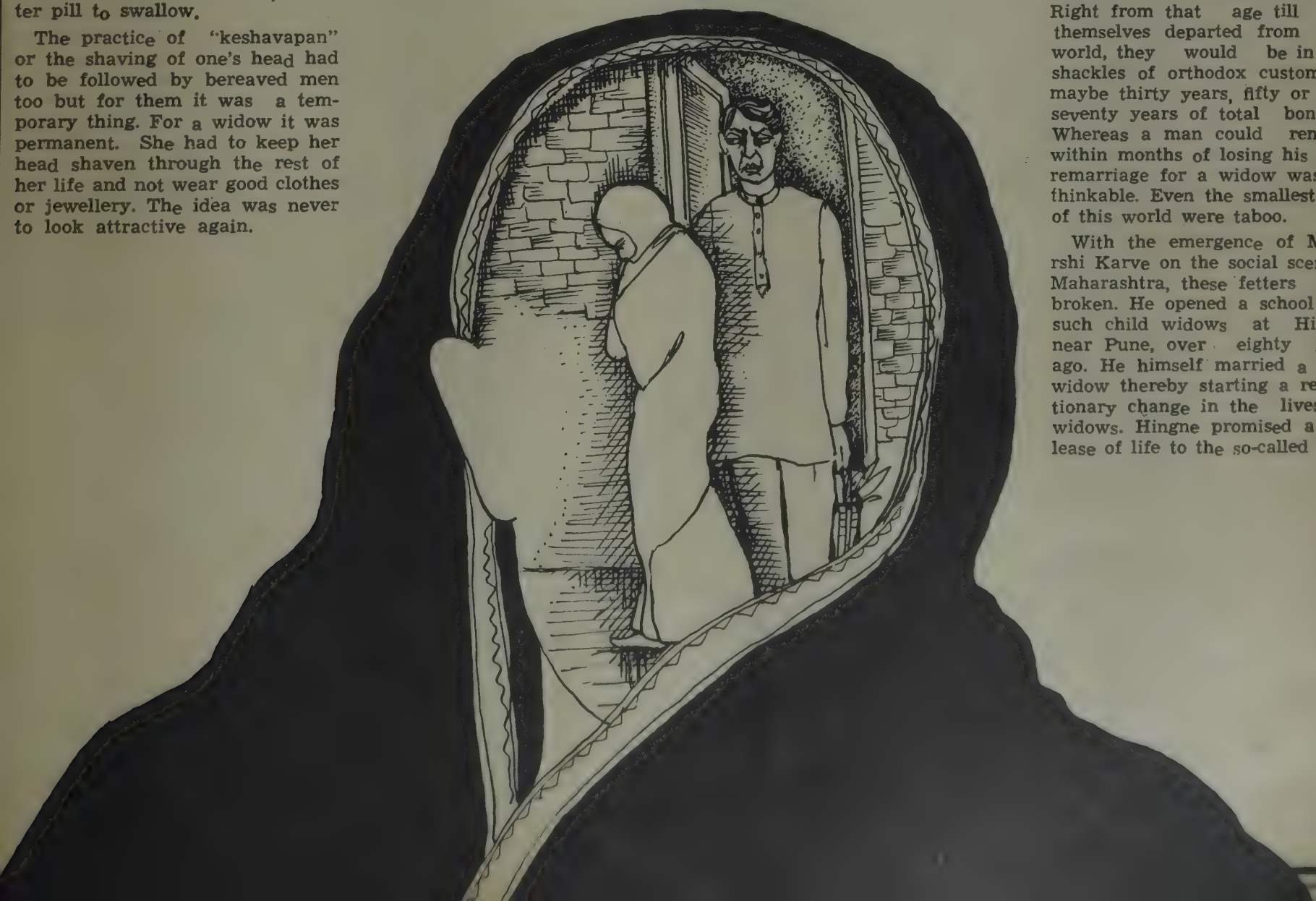
A widow was basically regarded as a bad omen everywhere. She was blamed for the death of her husband and hence considered inauspicious. For religious ceremonies, she could not prepare food nor be present at that place. She coud not mix with outsiders and had to spend her life in the obscure corners of the house.

Though all this sounds a bit anachronistic now, not more than three years ago, a young widow in Sangli was forcibly taken for "keshavapan." Her father-in-law happened to be a pundit and was the recipient of a state award for his knowledge of the Vedas. When the people of Sangli came to know of this, they decided to boycott this orthodox household and the women took out a morcha to protest against this act.

A couple of days later, the widow gave a statement to the press saying that she had undergone "keshavapan" of her own accord and that no one had forced her to do so. The protest march and the boycott had only made life worse for her. Whether her issuing the statement was under force was anyone's guess. A question was raised in the State Assembly, but this act was only "condemned." This incident must have made a modern woman's blood boil, and yet she was utterly helpless.

Whether the widows were aged or young, they had to undergo this penance. Those days, girls were married at the age of five or eight and some of them were widows at the tender age of ten or twelve or fifteen, when life should have just begun for them. Right from that age till they themselves departed from this world, they would be in the shackles of orthodox customs — maybe thirty years, fifty or even seventy years of total bondage. Whereas a man could remarry within months of losing his wife, remarriage for a widow was unthinkable. Even the smallest joys of this world were taboo.

With the emergence of Maharshi Karve on the social scene in Maharashtra, these fetters were broken. He opened a school for such child widows at Hingne, near Pune, over eighty years ago. He himself married a child widow thereby starting a revolutionary change in the lives of widows. Hingne promised a new lease of life to the so-called "cur-



WIDOWHOOD TODAY: A LONG WAY FROM THE DARK PAST

sed" ones. What began on a small note received wide response. Many widows studied there, taught there and began a new life. The establishment of this institute was a milestone in the efforts to elevate the status of women in India.

Widowhood does not remain so much of a stigma in today's cosmopolitan cities, but it still has its branding in the smaller places, and one cannot say that all superstitions about widows have completely vanished. In the cities, however, the growing economic independence of women has helped widows to establish their identity and live a life quite free from the difficulties that economically dependent widows experience.

Mrs. Padma Sohoni had two fairly grown-up children when her husband died after an attack of infectious hepatitis. The Reserve Bank of India offered her a job, but she passed on her claim to her daughter who was just eighteen. Initially, everything seemed very strange. She had to go to the bank herself to withdraw or deposit money, had to do many outside jobs, even accompany her son for admission to the IIT.

She had kept her interest in music throughout and gradually she started taking up music classes. More than this being an economic necessity, her classes kept her occupied during the day. She preferred this to going out all the time or gossiping with people. This, she felt, enhanced her prestige.

Mrs. Sohoni said that her children were very understanding. For their sake, she did not take up an evening assignment at a music school. This gesture itself indicated to them that she had every concern for them. They took her out for walks or went shopping with her and insisted on her wearing good sarees. Her friends too proved very helpful. They did not feel that there was a change in her status because she was a widow. When it came to her daughter's wedding, right from employing a cook for the occasion to printing invitation cards, it was her own responsibility. This proved to people that she could manage things on her own. This aspect of being self-sufficient is very important for a widow, Mrs. Sohoni added.

Asked about her views on widow remarriage, Mrs. Sohoni said that for those who are young or with very small children, those who require security, there is nothing wrong in remarriage. On the contrary, if a young widow stayed alone and even talked innocently to a male neighbour, people would begin to raise doubts about her morality. What every woman should keep in mind is that no one knows what is in store for you in the future and she should take up some job or hobby or some occupation which she can pursue later.

Another interesting case is that of Mrs. V (who chose not disclose her name). Her mother was widowed when Mrs. V was only two years old. She had seen how her mother had worked and looked after her. Fortunately, the family she worked for was very helpful and never made them feel inferior. Mrs. V took up a job before she got married. Tragedy struck her when her eldest daughter was eight and the youngest one only two years old. She had a dependent mother with her who looked after the children and helped her in household chores. She never thought of remarriage at that time. She is not at all against widow remarriage. It is a very personal and individual question, she says.

Mrs. V said that so far she had no difficulty in bringing up her children, nor did she face any social problems. One must tailor one's needs to one's income and have a firm mind, Mrs. V added. Her contacts with educated and broad-minded people helped her to overcome the feeling of loneliness.

Mrs. A. K. Swamy has been working as a school teacher for the past 32 years. She was never economically dependent. When her husband died, her son was quite grown-up. Her colleagues and friends were very sympathetic and there was no break in her social life as such. Her brother-in-law, however, turned indifferent after her husband's death. In their community, Mrs. Swamy said, widows are generally not invited for weddings, etc. unless they are very closely related. But in her case this was not so. Mrs. Swamy had been managing money matters or all odd jobs ever since she got married, so that after her husband's death, she did not have to take up new responsibilities. About remarriage, she said, "I am all for it. Young widows have every right to get remarried and live a normal life. Even if an elder widow wishes to remarry, it is for her to decide the course of her future. That much independence is necessary."

At the age of 33, Mrs. S was widowed. Her husband died suddenly after a heart attack. At that time she was earning only Rs. 130 a month and had three young school-going sons to look after. First of all the shock was really unbearable and she thought she would never be able to come out of the acute depression. But the thought of her children helped her to pull herself up and face the situation. She took up private tuitions in the early mornings and after school and reached home quite late. Her children used to prepare coffee for themselves and play and return home when she came. Sometimes, she had to manage all her vegetable shopping with just a rupee. Asking for help would have made her feel humiliated, she said, so she decided to struggle instead.

Her eldest son started on an apprenticeship after two years of college. She could not afford to send her second son to college, so at the age of fifteen he joined a company as an apprentice. She wept when she saw blisters on his tender hands. Now all of them are well-placed. They want her to give up working now, but she feels that it is better to work as long as she can. Now, when she thinks of the past, she compares those days with the present. Those days, she lived in a world which included only her home, school and her children — no going out, no attending social functions. The only outing was the Sunday morning church.

Mrs. S feels that young widows should remarry, but there should be no compulsion of any sort. It should be left to them to decide.

These cases do indicate a progressive change in our society. We have come a long way from the secluded life that widows faced in the past. Almost every widow I met had a very open mind on widow remarriage and felt that economic independence of women is very essential to face any situation in life.

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FACING WIDOWHOOD

A. Lukose

From one woman to another — some words of advice on how to get over the trauma of the loss and make life worth living

The word 'widow' has a stinging quality. It takes a long time for a woman to get used to being referred to as so and so's widow. I often wonder if it would not be kinder to refer to a woman as the wife of the late so and so.

Widowhood has been generally considered a state of helplessness. Even in our old prayer books we ask for help and protection for widows and orphans. But civilisation has advanced a great deal since then and widows are no longer as helpless as before. In fact, they can play a useful role in society if they are given a chance, as has been proved in the case of several women.

It is much easier to face up to widowhood in Western society. Work of some sort is the best medicine to drive away gloom and and loneliness. In Western countries a woman can pick up whatever work she desires, either part time or full time. Even if she has not the training for a particular job, it is possible to take a course of studies in that subject and learn that particular trade. Age is no bar for such education. In our country, probably because of our over-population and economic problems, it is very difficult to come by a job which will give a woman a sense of fulfilment.

NOT SYMPATHY, BUT ACCEPTANCE

Another reason why life is easier for a widow in Western society is that she has more personal freedom. Her neighbours, friends and relatives are not so inquisitive and critical. When a woman loses her husband, especially after middle age, what she misses most is companionship. Our society should realise this and help her to settle down. She does not want sympathy but she needs acceptance.

Couples who used to visit while her husband was alive suddenly cease to do so. Even if the wife pays an occasional call the husband dare not visit her for fear of gossip. What is the harm in having a man as a friend? Friendship of this kind need not necessarily have sexual overtones. It can be pure and platonic. There are so many things in which she needs the help of a man as the man of her house has suddenly left her and she has to shoulder double responsibility. It is cruel to withhold this hand of friendship when she really needs it. I suppose in the case of young widows there is a danger of friendship taking a different turn, but surely a woman over forty, who has seen life, knows where to draw the line.

To make matters worse, our people have a belief that widows should be kept in the background on auspicious occasions. Isn't it high time our society got over such superstitions? Widowhood can happen to any woman at any time, but until one passes through that valley one does not pause to think of this injustice to widows. It is cruel to expect a woman to live behind a curtain once her husband is no more; perhaps our old Indian custom of sati was kinder. Yet there are so many women, young and old, who live such a life. How many people pause to think of their miseries? Who gives them a helping hand? At least, even if we are unable to help them, can't we allow them to chalk out a life for themselves instead of putting impediments in their path?

I venture to give a few words of advice to women who have lost their husbands lately and are still living under the trauma of the tragedy. As I said before, I feel the best way to drive away loneliness is to get immersed in some work. If you are unable to get a proper job, you can try to do some social work, but whatever you do should be something that really interests you, or else it will end up in boredom.

LIVING IN THE PRESENT AND FOR THE FUTURE

Try to live in the present and for the future. Thinking of the erstwhile glorious days brings memories that only torment you. Other people are not terribly interested in your sufferings and problems. At first they may listen to you out of politeness but after some time they will begin to consider you a bore. People like to have cheerful persons around them and if you continue to be gloomy, you will soon be left out of their company and you are likely to end up alone. Instead of indulging in self-pity, try to take interest in other people and in projects that interest you and see if you can make some contribution, however trivial, instead of mourning over the fact that no one is helping you.

By taking up some work you will get less and less time to brood over your misfortune. It is more rewarding to help other people than to spend all your energy and time over what is left of your own family. Beware of the tendency to dote on your children, because you are then likely to become a burden to them. Possessiveness in widowed mothers often spoils the lives of their offsprings, especially those of the sons because the boys get thoroughly confused and find it difficult to arbitrate between wife and mother.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

I feel mothers should consciously develop an unselfish attitude, let the children live their own lives and find contentment and fulfilment in their happiness. This way you can retain the love of your children and when you do not expect anything great from them, even little acts of consideration and show of affection will bring you the happiness you long for.

Mothers can provide a happy home for their children whenever they wish to have a holiday and these will be occasions of great joy and peace. This sort of attitude to life is easier for women who have some outside interest that keeps them fully occupied. This way a woman can find purpose in her existence without which the life of a widow can become unbearable.

After having accepted the inevitable, perhaps you can take a little comfort in the thought that if one of the two of you had to die, it is better that you survived your husband and not the other way round. A woman can adjust to circumstances, however painful they may be, better than a man. A man is generally so dependent on his wife for his day to day living that he gets completely lost without her. Running the house and looking after the children are jobs which men today find almost impossible to cope with. But a woman can rise to the roles of both parents.

Only be careful not to exaggerate your man's role. It is better to retain all your feminine qualities and do your manly roles in your womanly garb. Also do not keep dinning into the ears of your children that you are now their father and mother as though their obligation to you is therefore greater. They also miss their father though they may not air this fact as often as you do. Do your duty to your family to the best of your ability without making a mountain out of it.

PRACTISING DETACHMENT

I feel it is also a good idea to practise a kind of detachment. This of course is easier said than done, but I believe that this is possible if you try hard enough. Separations of all kinds are painful by their very nature, but they become easier to accept for women who practise detachment than for doting mothers.

Above all, trust in God. Though He may have dealt you a severe blow by shutting your main door, He will open several side doors for you if you ask Him. Often help is sent to you from quarters that you least expected; at the same time where you expected help you may draw a blank. Don't get bitter. God is teaching you to depend only on Him and He can provide your every need.

Every pain, either physical or mental, can be really understood only by people who have suffered them. But if others also, once in a way, try to put themselves in the position of those who suffer they may get a deeper understanding and compassion for those in trouble, and then they may try to help them instead of criticising them.

MEMORIES OF WIDOWHOOD

Every day, how many women are hurled from a vibrant life, surrounded by people, to a walled-in, lonely existence, brought about by the death of a husband? In India, plenty

Ratu Kamlani

Some young widows of today manage to salvage themselves from the depths of despair into which they are plunged and learn to cope with their loss, their lives and their families, admirably. Individually. Some of the older widows, on the other hand, mainly in the sixty to eighty-year-old age group — be they child widows or women who have lost their husbands but a decade ago — would have us believe that without their husbands they are nobody. So conditioned are they into believing that they live for their husbands (never for themselves, that would be crass selfishness), that life has a meaning only when the husband is alive, that to enjoy life and partake of its pleasures after the death of the "loved one" would be tantamount to betrayal, that they end up drowning themselves in their loss, withdrawing from worldly activities, "graduating" from a temporal to a supposedly spiritual existence. This is expected of them.

Take the case of seventy-year-old Dadima who was "absolutely shattered" when she was widowed at sixty. Thirty-eight years of childless marriage to a man had made her totally dependent on him for everything although he did attempt to make her independent — encouraged her to travel occasionally on her own, made her an active member of the MSWC, taught her to take her insulin injections everyday.

Yet, when Dadima was widowed, she was chronically depressed for fifteen months. The loneliness weighed down on her. "For over a year I did not tackle any of my financial problems. My life is over," she felt. "I am alone. Whom do I have to live for?"

A life of hectic activity—both husband and wife were avid squash and cricket fans, club frequenters — came to a total standstill. She could have involved herself wholeheartedly in social work, something she was interested in. But no, Dadima lost the will to do anything constructive.

"I don't like amusements any more. I don't like meeting people in clubs. I am not living in isolation because society expects it of me. I am not that orthodox."

And yet, adorning herself in white, the traditional garb of widows among the Sindhi community, Dadima has virtually confined herself to the walls of her apartment.

"We have been conforming to society's norms since we were children," she admits, contradicting her earlier statement.

For a while, Dadima went through a period of extreme self-pity and envy. "Sometimes I would say to God. 'There are so many others who are older than my husband, who are sickly while he was healthy. You have given them life, yet You snatched him from me. Why?' "

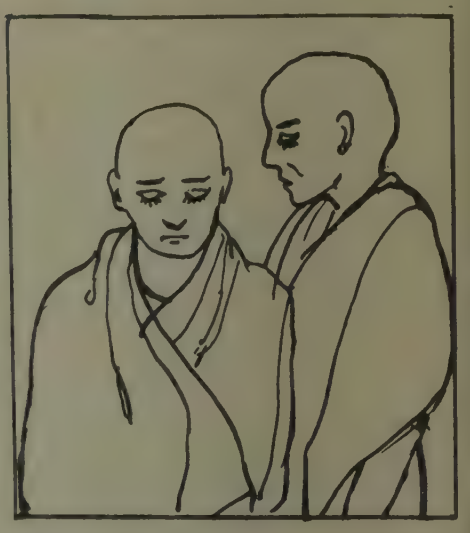
Now Dadima is resigned to her lot. "It is each one's destiny," she nods sagely. And yet she grieves: "I cannot imagine how I have survived for so many years without him. All my interests have died. I think there is no purpose to life any more. Only with him was there any meaning. I am living to die."

The tragedy lies not so much in the fact that Dadima is projecting the conventional image of the widow as in her tragic rejection of life.

Self-pity in an extreme form is apparent in the case of Ammi, a seventy-eight-year-old widow, mother of seven who, according to family members, wouldn't let her youngest daughter get married, for "Who will look after me if Savitri is married?" Ask Ammi about it and she springs to defend herself. "I didn't want her to stay unmarried. I even had her trousseau ready. She didn't want to get married."

Savitri, of course, had no say in the matter. For a girl to have voiced her desire for marriage in the 50s was anathema. The decisions were all made by the elders. After all, the elders knew best, didn't they?

Ammi was married when she was twelve and widowed twenty



years ago. Her sons bought a dharamsala in Maharashtra in memory of their father. Ammi, accompanied by her crutch, has spent years there, managing the establishment. Again, a form of isolation.

Several of the older generation widows behaved in a manner befitting their kind. Many of them adhered dutifully to the rules laid down by society. For instance, Ammi slept on the floor for two years following her bereavement, as was expected of widows from her community. Naani, a Bengali widow, was not able to wear jewellery, sindoor or continue with her non-vegetarian diet. Her food is still cooked separately from the family's meals. Twice a month on Ekadashi she goes without food and water for twenty-four hours!

Most of the old widows feel, "At this age why should we change?" A lot of them, it seems, are happy following the customs which are peculiar to their community — they feel guilty if they don't, as if they were being unfaithful to their husbands.

No doubt, lack of education combined with society's restrictive mores have helped in making the widow feel that she must lead a life apart from other in-

dividuals. Society even succeeded in programming Mashima, a Brahmin child widow who lost her husband when she was but ten years old. When Mashima was eleven, her widowed aunt went on a pilgrimage to a holy place, the custom being that Brahmin widows had to have their hair cut off at the end of the pilgrimage. Mashima was taken along. The two pilgrims returned home — the thirty year-old and the eleven-year-old — both with shaven pates. Such was the influence of society upon her that Mashima .wanted to have her hair shaved off.

The idea was to make a widow unattractive. It was said: "Otherwise men will look at you, they will trouble you. It is your dharma to cut off your hair ... just as it is your dharma to observe fasts." Mashima knew no other dharma — she obeyed. And as a child widow Mashima was dependent on her sisters and other relatives.

Contrast Mashima's plight to her niece, Bai's. The latter came from a fairly affluent, educated family, not very different from Mashima's, but Bai was fortunate in being born twenty years after Mashima. Widowed at twenty-five, Bai was left to cope with four children. Her father, a government official, brought her home and stated to the family that his daughter be denied nothing. Bai's status remained unchanged. She was allowed to attend weddings, she helped her mother around the house. But being independent by nature she couldn't quite adjust to being with her family again. Her parents, displaying good sense, let her set up home in another town where she led a normal social life. Instead of drowning herself in sorrow, Bai was exposed to the outside world. She saw plays which had predominantly social themes, relating to marriage, widowhood and the like. With the result she learned to cope with her loss. Whereas Mashima accepted her widowhood as her karma and suffered, so she thought, for the sins of her previous birth, Bai, more educated, learnt to start her life afresh among people.

Why didn't she remarry? For Bai did associate with men. But her male friends regarded her as a friend. Nothing more. The attitudes of our men, forty years ago were far from being liberated — not to say that they are appreciably better now.

Most of the widows interviewed looked askance when asked if they had ever thought of remarriage. "Chee!" said Ammi. "She who has shown her youth to her husband should not even think of doing so to another."

Sexual drives, it seems, are supposed to disappear with the husband's death. For, older widows adhered to Manu's decree: "Till her (the widow's) death she should be forbearing, observe vows, should be celibate and should hanker after that most excellent duty which is prescribed for wives who have one husband only ..."

Fifty-year-old Ganga became a widow at 17. Even though she had two children to cope with, she refused to get married because, she says, she comes from an concha jaat among whom widow remarriage is prohibited. The village folk thought Ganga would surely remarry, so young and pretty was she, but, said Ganga, she is proud that she maintained her caste's tradition. Despite the misery, the loneliness and the poverty, Ganga preferred to be self supporting. She now works as a domestic servant.

Both Dadima and Ammi frown upon the concept of widow remarriage. "A woman should suppress her urges," they feel. "But if a widow is unable to do so, it is better that she remarries, rather than flit from one male to another. Given the choice, however, she should abstain, especially if she has children, for who knows whether the step-father will be good to the children? And, quite naturally, the mother's attention is likely to be diverted from them ... The children will be neglected..."

Is that fair to women? There are no rules to speak of concerning widowers. They don't have to abide by any restrictions. They are free to marry when and whom they please — which they do. Society does not point a finger at them for giving their urges a free rein. They are not shunned or ostracised. "That is their right," some old widows accept unquestioningly, without doubt. That is (or was?) the way of the world.

With widowhood also was associated the instant appeal of the spiritual, religious world. The widow's attention was diverted from the family to the family's guru or god. The only outings Mashima had were regular visits to a temple. And that too escorted. She never ventured out on her own. ("Their times were different," recalls a member of Mashima's family. "Mashima didn't blame society. Forty to fifty years back, even if she wanted to go out alone, it wasn't safe to let her. Men took advantage of widows. They believed that unattached widows were meant only for pleasure. Therefore, for their safety, widows those days were overprotected.")

Ammi spends a major portion of her mornings performing pooja. And Dadima, until recently, would walk to a temple near her home every evening. Listening to the priest's lectures "has taught me so much about death, after life ... going to the temple gives me peace."

Yes, but peace at what cost? For, a lot of widows, it seems, led lonely, purposeless lives. Who was to blame for their plight? Our dharma, for establishing certain laws, our society for enforcing the same, the widows themselves for complacently accepting their karma or ourselves for not caring enough to draw them out of their shells?

COPING WITH WIDOWHOOD: A CHALLENGE

Meher Pestonji

GRIEF, MISERY, DEPRESSION — THESE ARE UNAVOIDABLE EMOTIONS. BUT DEATH, LIKE BIRTH, IS AN INEVITABLE PART OF LIFE, AND, LIKE BIRTH, IT HAS TO BE EXPERIENCED ALONE. IN TODAY'S WORLD, NO WOMAN NEED CAVE IN UNDER PRESSURE ANY MORE THAN SHE LETS HERSELF

Sudha Chopra was young and attractive. Happily married to a dashing young Army officer, she was the proud mother of two sons. Her life flowed through the well-regulated streams of social and family responsibilities when an unexpected avalanche diverted its gently flowing course into a tempestuous torrent of writhing misery. Her husband was killed in the 1965 war with Pakistan. Suddenly Sudha found herself alone with two sons aged four and seven, and a bank balance that would have to be stretched to wire-thin tautness to last them a year or two at the maximum.

"The important thing when faced with any crisis in life is to not give in to despair," says Sudha. "Grief, misery, depression, these are unavoidable emotions. But death, like birth, is an inevitable part of life, and, like birth, it has to be experienced alone. 'Sati' is a thing of the past and

"THE IMPORTANT THING IS NOT TO GIVE IN TO DESPAIR."

in today's world no woman need cave in under pressure any more than she lets herself.

"I left my in-laws' place at Srinagar where we were living in a joint family and moved to Delhi with my mother. On the eighteenth day after my husband's death, though I was still a nervous and emotional wreck, I took up my first job at Delhi's Doordarshan. This was probably the wisest decision I could have taken. For several months afterwards I just had to keep busy all the time, to get myself so tired that I'd have no energy to think, to brood, to cry."

Gone are the days of wailing and breast-beating, though in a way these served as an emotional release. Without exception, all the women echoed an imperative need to keep active in order to see themselves through the peak period of the crisis. Sunita Sathe, whose husband died of a sudden heart attack at the office, recalls, "I had soaked some clothes to wash when the phone rang and I had to rush off to the hospital. When I got back several hours later my mind was still reeling with the shock. I hadn't registered the full impact of my emotions. Much to the amazement of the relatives who had gathered at the house by then, I just said, 'I have to wash some clothes' and went into the bathroom. It was as if some inner force was pushing me. I felt like a clock-work toy that has been wound up and has to keep moving. I felt if I stopped, if I sat down, if the key ran out, I'd just collapse like a deflated balloon and wouldn't be able to get up again."

In the months immediately following the crisis the family and friends rally around in support, but as the weeks merge into months, merge into years, people drift back into their own life patterns. At this point it is all too easy to become financially

"IF YOU LET YOURSELF LEAN ON OTHER PEOPLE, THEY TRY TO TAKE OVER YOUR LIFE."

and emotionally dependent on parents, in-laws or an elder brother, but this works only as a halfway solution. No one, however well-intentioned, can fill the void of the physical, emotional, companionable intimacy, and it is best to face the fact of one's essential aloneness and come to terms with it from the start. One has to learn to make major decisions alone, to stand on one's own feet and to build a life that affords fulfilment in other spheres to compensate for this aloneness. To quote Sudha Chopra again, "If you let yourself lean on other people, they try to take over your life."

This has been the experience of Roshan Wadia who continues to live in a joint family with her in-laws after being widowed. Roshan is a school teacher and though on the whole she enjoys a pleasant relationship with her in-laws, she finds that there is a total divergence of views when it comes to bringing up the children. "In my B.Ed. course I studied child psychology and have grown to believe that a lot of the age-old child rearing practices are wrong. My husband felt the same way as me, but even for him it was difficult to put across our ideas to his parents. Now, for me, it is next to impossible. Even when I feel very strongly about something, like the choice of a school for my daughter, I have to abide by their decision as I am financially dependent on them."

Among the most difficult aspects of being a parent alone, is the complexity of playing both mother and father roles to the children while at the same time attempting to carve a life and career of one's own. The cross currents of needs impinge on a limited element, time. There is a constant worry that the lack of an adult male companion might make a son namby-pamby. There are the deeply-ingrained inhibitions about discussing "the facts of life" with sons and this is coupled with a nagging awareness that frank discussions are necessary, and even imperative for today's generation.

Meera Vyas believes in building a relationship based on mutual respect and companionship with her sons. "The important thing is to be approachable at their level, not to have them put you up on a pedestal of awe and respect. My sons and I invented a game called 'Secret Question Box.' We kept a box in which any of us could put in an anonymous slip suggesting a subject for discussion. To avoid embarrassment all discussions would take place in the third person. This way we discussed cheating in class, flicking things from friends, smoking and drinking on the sly, all kinds of subjects

"THE THING TO DO IS TO LOOK AT LIFE AS A CHALLENGE."

that are normally taboo in the presence of parents. I too would put in questions like asking what they thought of my friends, or what they'd think of my going abroad on a study trip for a few months.

"I must confess at times the complexity of their problems foxed me and made me aware of how different their world is from the world we grew up in. One of my sons spoke about a older boy making passes at a younger boy in boarding school. I knew nothing about homosexuality and was naturally disturbed about the implications for my son. At the same time I realized that how I answered him would be vital to his ability to have confidence in me in the future. I told him frankly that I knew little about the subject but would talk it over with a doctor friend and we could discuss the subject later. But the point I want to make is that we could talk so openly only because we had built up an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence between us. And when you are the only parent functioning in a dual role this is vitally important."

Family relationships are not the only angle that requires tactful handling. The commercial world can be rather severe on any single woman who happen

to be successful. Carole D'Cruz, who at 36 has risen to become Personal Assistant to one of the largest industrialists in the country, retorts angrily, "I have really had to struggle to work my way up to my present position. But every time I receive a promotion people say 'Oh she's using influence. She must have slept with so-and-so.' Would they have said this if my husband were still alive? In the beginning this used to get me really angry, but now I've learnt to just not give a damn about what people say. Why can't a woman's achievements be viewed just like a man's?

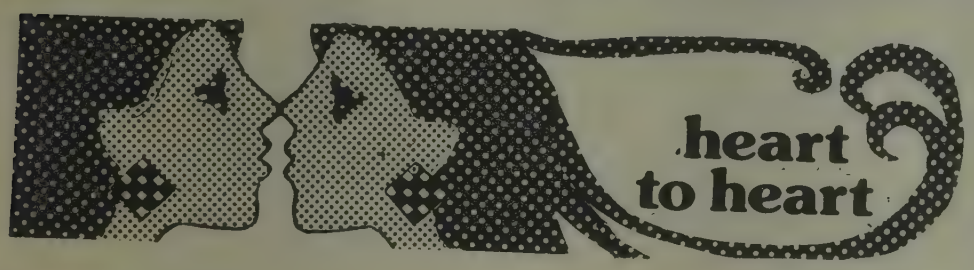
"Another thing is, men," she continued vehemently. "Just because my children are in boarding school and I live alone they assume I must be sex-starved, and keep making excuses to drop in at my place. One person came, saw a photograph of my husband and went into a long sob-story about his late wife's last illness. He was obviously playing on my sympathies. Half an hour later he was making passes at me and eventually I had to literally throw him out even though he is a pretty big shot."

Socially many women feel a definite loss of status. "As a married woman I enjoyed certain privileges over my younger sisters-in-law," said Bharati Desai. "Nothing very pronounced — just little things in running the house, etc. Now, though no one has done anything to make me feel deprived in any way, I myself feel some constraints.

"Again, Indian society lays tremendous importance on symbols, and sindhoor is the symbol of the married woman. Even after being a widow for seven years, every day when I dress I am reminded that I can't use sindhoor. I don't feel like participating in festivals like Durga Puja. It's not as if I'm socially ostracised or that anyone would object to my presence. It's just that I myself feel as if I don't belong there, that I have no business being there."

While none of the women rule out the possibility of remarriage, nonetheless all voiced personal reservations about rushing into a contrived marriage for social stability and security. "When life and death itself is so uncertain, how can one remarry only for security?" asks Roshan Wadia. Those who had enjoyed close marital relations were unwilling to forget their emotional bonds with their husbands and felt that the constant comparisons that were bound to arise would hardly create an atmosphere conducive to building a satisfying relationship. Others felt that no man could develop a really close relationship with the children and this could give rise to serious conflicts and conflicting loyalties. Yet most were willing to consider marriage if they knew a man to whom they could relate in depth and who would provide some security for the children.

"The thing to do is to look at life as a challenge," says Sudha Chopra, "a challenge that has been made more difficult by the absence of a provider/companion/life-partner. You have to stop feeling sorry for yourself, in professional life forget that you are a woman, and in personal life stop worrying what the neighbours will say or think. You can gain dignity from the fact that you are answerable to no one but yourself. You have to be willing to chalk out a new set of disciplines rather than accept values that have been handed down unquestioningly. It is never easy but over the years you discover that the newer values turn out to be more valid for you because they are self-imposed. And as I said at the start, NEVER GIVE IN TO DESPAIR."



CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

PROMISCUOUS SPOUSE

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR

I am 21 years of age. There is a boy who says he is in love with me and wants to marry me. But unfortunately of late I have not been keeping good health and I hate visiting a doctor. In spite of my telling him about it several times, he insists on marrying me. We have known each other for quite a long time. I don't want to wreck his life, as a sick wife is a burden to the husband. I am confused. Should I marry him or not?

If you can be cured completely, surely you can go ahead with the marriage — either with the boy who loves you or with anyone else you desire. If the nature of your illness is such that you are advised not to marry, then you can take him to your doctor who will explain everything. If he is still willing to sacrifice and bent on marrying you, then it is for both of you to make a decision.

But this neglect of yourself for no reason at all is unwarranted.

MAKE A WISE SELECTION

I am an 18-year-old student and I am in love with a boy of 26. He seems to be very fond of me, but I don't know whether he likes me the same way I do. There is another boy of 25 who loves me very deeply but unfortunately I am just fond of him. Both are medical students and good looking. I don't know whether to express my love to the first boy or to reciprocate to the second one. I am confused.

You can give yourself more time to get to know both these boys well. By then, one of them would have surely made up his mind about you too. You should marry the one who is sincere, good-natured, who will be a committed partner and who you feel will be really suited to you. Consider the family background, character, abilities and genuine qualities. These really make a lasting and happy marriage. Love will grow and mature in marriage.

DON'T RUIN YOUR MARRIAGE

I am 24 and married to a very fine person. I am very happy with him. But I have one problem — I am very emotional by nature and because of this I am unable to control my feelings and have sex with those I like. It is impossible for me to keep it at a friendship level only.

I have been very intimate with two men. Now I am very attached to one of them who is married. We cannot live without each other. Since he is helping me in my job etc., I can't break off with him. Besides, I enjoy sex with him which I just don't do with my husband. Please advise.

Marriage requires a mature behaviour and disciplined life. If your emotions are so uncontrollable and you are promiscuous, you should not have opted for marriage. Such overpowering emotions and sexual interests can reflect a personality difficulty and behaviourial problem.

If you continue this relationship, it could come to light some time and ruin your marriage. When you get children, this type of behaviour will only jeopardise their life and future, and they could be neglected.

Since your husband is such a nice person and your marriage generally a happy one, you should be faithful to him. Cut out male company if you cannot keep their relationship within limits. Every new partner will be exciting, have new sex techniques, arouse your desires, and this will be unending. It will not bring you happiness in the long run. On the contrary, a proper married life will pay rich dividends in a consolidated and wholesome family life. You must make sex life with your husband interesting, and read some scientific books together on this subject.

You must change your approach towards life — it is entirely upto you to do so. Focus all your attention and love on your husband. Try your best to control your emotions, lead a disciplined life and be a committed spouse before you begin a family. Make positive efforts to help yourself and your marriage. If need be consult a good counsellor

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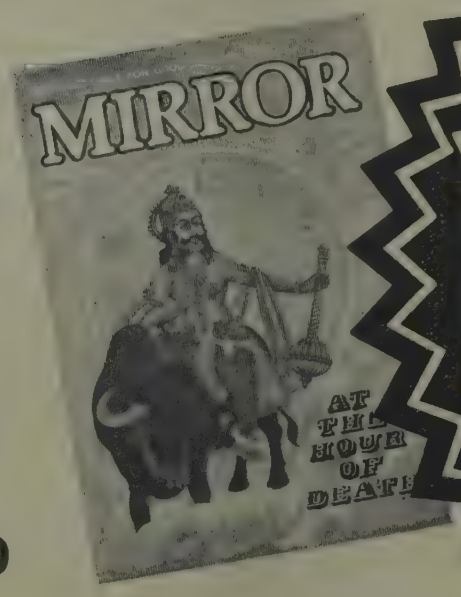

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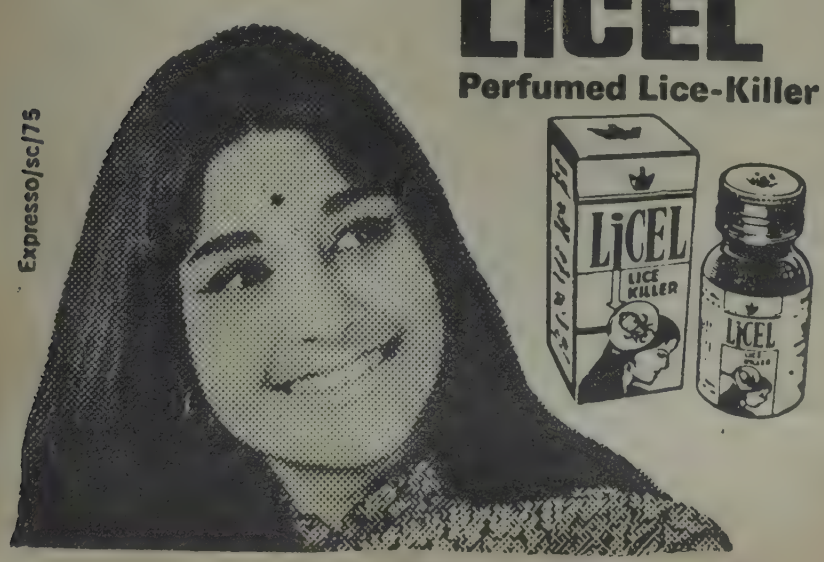

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SILJANIL CHEMO INDUSTRIES : BOOKLET

Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

"I find Anacin of great help", says Nurse Angela Fernandes.

Nurse Angela Fernandes finds Anacin strong enough to give quick relief from the aches and pains of colds and flu.

What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezin and a runny nose. Flu is often accom panied by shivering, discomfort and swea ing. Cough, sore throat, loss of appeti and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumoni and infection of the upper respirator tract.

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What else should you do?

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- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated

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The death of a loved one is dreaded by everyone. But in India, the death of a husband becomes more of a trauma because of the inhuman humiliation of the widow, sanctioned by religion

THE COROLLARIES OF WIDOWHOOD

Jyoti Punwani

Manu, the widely venerated first Hindu law-giver, gave woman identity only through man — as daughter, wife or mother, not as a woman. It was her husband, however, who gave her her real status, as it was through him that she could achieve spiritual benefit by bearing sons, who would inherit his property and name. And correspondingly, it was her husband's death which robbed a woman of any kind of status.

Manu's laws still prevail.

Sumangali, soubhagyavati, suhagan — these words are like music to an Indian woman's ears. "The worst word of abuse in the Kannada vocabulary is to call a woman, married or unmarried, a widow (**munde**)." says Mr. M. N. Srinivas, author of **Marriage and Family in Mysore.** The greatest **abhagan** in India is one whose husband is dead, and the event most dreaded by an Indian woman is the death of her husband while she is alive.

The dread at the loss of a loved one, and at the prospect of living without him — these universal causes of sorrow are probably outweighed for an Indian woman by the dread of being ostracised, of being stripped of her personality — the Indian corollaries of widowhood.

Her husband being the factor which gives her life meaning and purpose, his death makes her almost a non-person. And her loss of status is concretised by the rituals which accompany widowhood in India.

The first deprivation is that of the signs of marriage. Since marriage is supposedly a woman's ultimate goal, these signs are displayed by an Indian woman with pride, as indicative of her high status. In Bengal, in Maharashtra, in the South, the first things to go are a woman's **sindoor** or **bindi**, her **mangalsutra** or **thali**, and her green (Maharashtra), iron and conch (Bengal) and red (North India) bangles. These are forcibly removed by other widowed relatives in Bengal and Rajasthan. Among the Tamil speaking Iyengar Brahmins of South India, the woman is adorned with her heaviest silks, and with all her bridal jewellery, replete with **kumkum**, on the ten days following her husband's death. On the 11th day the eldest son or a close relative wipes off the **kumkum**, breaks her bangles and removes her **thali**. Among the Rajputs, it is her own brother who breaks her bangles.

But perhaps the removal of the signs of marriage (made more horrible by being forced) is only to be expected, when her marriage partner is dead, and would not be so grim if it were not a portent of an entirely new and subhuman lifestyle.

Hinduism, at least as interpreted by Manu, views a woman's aim in life as being to help her husband achieve salvation by bearing his sons, and thus achieve her own salvation. Apart from that, she has no separate role of her own, or any duty towards herself. The emphasis on sons as the sole inheritors of a family name, honour and wealth, and the only persons who can perform the last rites of their parents and thus ensure the latters' salvation, puts a high premium on the 'purity' of the woman who bears them. The man has to be sure that he marries a virgin, untouched by another, so that the children she bears will be of his blood, and not another's. To ensure her chastity, she becomes solely his possession, till her death.

"A faithful wife who desires to dwell after death with her husband, must never do anything that might displease him who took her hand, whether he be alive or dead. Until death let her be patient of hardships, self-controlled and chaste, and strive to fulfil that most excellent duty which is prescribed for wives who have one husband only. . . On her husband's death if a virtuous woman abides by the rules of celibacy, she goes straight to heaven though she be sonless. . . But a woman who from a desire to have offspring violates her duty towards her deceased husband, brings upon herself disgrace in this world and loses her place with her husband in heaven. . . There is no second husband for a chaste woman. . . Well might she emaciate her body by living on pure flowers, roots and fruits; but she must never even mention the name of another man after her husband is dead." Thus spake Manu.

Manu forbids woman from owning property, saying, "A wife, a son, and a slave, these three are declared to have no property; the wealth which they earn is (acquired) for him to whom they belong." The only property she can own is her **stridhan**, given her by her parents at the time of her marriage, but which she is forbidden from managing on her own. To prevent even this limited wealth from going out of the family, a widow is discouraged from marrying again by her in-laws Totally dependent on her husband's family the widow has no choice but to obey them.

Not that there are men anxious to marry a widow. No other man will deign to give a once-married woman his name and status by marrying her. Nobody will thus honour 'soiled goods'. "If one has (honourable) intercourse with a woman who had already had another husband, then sin is incurred." She

THE COROLLARIES OF WIDOWHOOD

is available for sleeping around with, though. Writes Mr. Srinivas, "The Kadu Golla widow is not allowed to remarry, but she automatically becomes the wife of the tutelary deity — that is to say, a religious prostitute." (Even today, some of the women who end up in Bombay's red light area are widows.)

Social attitudes and religion forbid a man, the giver of status, from lowering himself by marrying a widow, but also ensure that no man will be tempted to do so, even by lust. The disfigurement of the widow arose when child marriage was the norm, (ie. till very recent times) with girls being widowed at eight and ten. The danger of them blossoming into normal, healthy young women was too great to be allowed, and hence no effort was spared to mutilate their childbodies.

This disfigurement process prevails even today, in the villages, where 80 per cent of our people live. A widow's body is made ugly. Stripped bare of all ornaments, an Indian widow is deprived even of her greatest pride — her long flowing hair — which is shaved off her head on the 11th day of her widowhood, and never allowed to grow long again. Her bright clothes are replaced by white (in the North), or red (in the South) or black (among Christians and Rajputs); her silks and muslins by coarse heavy cloth, called **naarmadi** among the Iyengar Brahmins, and finally, her health weakened by a semi-starvation diet. Only one light meal a day is allowed her, cooked by herself and eaten separately, in which the use of **ghee**, curds, betel nut, onions, garlic, vegetables like potatoes, and all non-vegetarian foods is forbidden, to cripple her growing natural physical appetites. She has to refrain from eating and drinking anything on every **ekadashi** day; while on three days of the year, the Bengali widow eats only uncooked food.

Having humiliated and shattered her physically, her spirit is broken. Blamed by the family for causing the death of its breadwinner and repository of honour, she is considered unlucky and barred from attending any festive event. She may not touch even her own daughter's trousseau or even attend her wedding, and has to finish her bath hours before daybreak, so as not to cross anyone's path. The Tamil Muslims are supposed to confine her to the house for a whole year during which she cannot set eyes on any male stranger.

Thus tortured and isolated, the widow naturally preferred in not-so-olden times, to commit **sati** (the latest example was just four months back). The British abolished **sati**, but as B. Malabari wrote in the late 19th century, "Had Monstuart Elphinstone and Lord William Bentinck anticipated the results of the abolition of **sati**, they would have paused before enforcing the law without legitimate corollary, for whereas **sati** was one single act of martyrdom or heroism as the victim conceived it, and an act of religious merit popularly believed, the life which caste imposes on a widow is a perpetual agony, a burning to death by glowing fire. . ." The other alternative to living with taunting and contemptuous relatives was (and is) exile to the banks of the Ganga.

ABOVE: A still from "Darpan". Concern for younger relatives and religion are the only involvements allowed a widow, as "Ghattashraddha's" widowed heroine (BELOW) learns. Her head is shaved (see pic. on page 41) and she is ostracized after her clandestine affair is discovered.

Widows are regarded as the scum of the earth even today in India. All the so-called advances we may have made, the 'breaking off from orthodox beliefs and hidebound prejudices' do not constitute any basic change in our way of thinking. That Bengali widows can now wear 'pastel shades', or that Punjabi widows can wear coloured **salwar kameezes** with white **duppattas** are regarded as generous concessions to widows, made in our broadmindedness! The widow is still considered cursed. Even the 'modern' urban Sindhi community forbids its widows from performing **kanyadaan**, except as a last resort; and among the educated Syrian Christians, if the older sister is a widow, she is deprived of the right to stand behind her younger sister during the latter's wedding (as is the custom). A visit to Brindaban today is enough to horrify any conventional Hindu. The sight of the forlorn, shaven, dirty and emaciated women, leading lives of ascetics and begging on the roads, gave one such Hindu the impression that "They are not human beings." Thanks to the efforts of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Malabari and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, the widow may now inherit her husband's property and is allowed to remarry. But why is it that only a miniscule percentage of them remarry even today? Why are they expected even now to lead "sober" lives? Why does a woman dread widowhood a hundred times more than her husband does her death?

The fault lies in the universal view of women, in the position given to them. Made totally dependent on man, what can a woman do without him? She is not only emotionally, but also financially crippled without him. Given India's exploitative society and retrograde traditions, all that can be demanded by us of the government is the guarantee of education, the guarantee of getting a decent job, which alone can give us the courage to try and determine our own lives, and lessen our dependence on men and thus prevent our debasement without him.

madam i'm adam

I was educating myself with a little book called "The Body In The Bathtub". I was on page 108, murder number 3.

The doorbell went, "Ting-tin-a-ling-ting...ting-ting!" That could be only one person — Mac. I opened the door, and he stepped in showing about 85 teeth.

"Grab yourself a thirst, pal," he said. "Put honey on your vocal chords and come with me."

"Where to?" I asked nervously.

"Subbu's place," he said. "He's throwing a stag party, with enough drink for an army, and enough food to feed a famine area. Birds strictly taboo — if any show up they'll have to fight for their honour — or is it their virtue? How does it sound, boyo?"

"Lethal," I said. "The last time I went on a stag bash, I was carried home with a lampshade on my head and a rose in each hand."

All he said was, "What have you got against roses? Come on, man."

We piled into his beat-up jalopy and it leaped forward as if Satan was a yard behind.

* * *

We got there in nine minutes flat, and how a coupla pedestrians didn't end up the same way beats me. I sat in the car until my teeth had settled back in my gums. Then we walked up to Subbu's first-floor bachelor flat and lolled on the doorbell.

He opened it and hauled us in. There were ten of us in all and they rose with glad cries of welcome, and a hearty round of back-slapping.

There was a table at the far end. It was loaded down with food and drink. "Sweet Mother!" I said to Mac. "Who picks up the tab?"

"Oh," he said, "we tote it up tomorrow and split even-steven." I said, "Suits me," and headed for the whisky. I poured myself a slug strong enough to fell an oak.

* * *

Everyone knew everyone else, so the room was buzzing with easy conversation and guffaws you could have heard in Spain.

There was a Dorr baby grand in a corner and Pete suggested we test our tonsils in unison. Dinesh plays the piano like Roger Williams, so accompaniment was no problem.

* * *

We did the old favourites and the newies. Those who didn't know the words sang, "La-la-la." Soon it was solo-time. Everyone obliged. Who landed up top was Subbu giving an imitation of Louis Armstrong doing "Rambling Rose". If you were on the other side of the door, you'd have thought the great man had left his grave to sing for us. I myself sang ten unexpurgated Limericks that sent the gang into stitches.

* * *

The singing over, we got ourselves refills and settled down to a gabfest. Ahmed had just been promoted in his office — and that called for a drink. Raj's wife had presented him with a son last week — and that called for a drink. Pete's mother-in-law was in Mexico — and that called for a drink. All this, mind you, in addition to the regulars.

* * *

There was an oval table stacked with PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE magazines — and a bundle of colour postcards from Sweden that was a bomb. The colour was brilliant, the action was frenzied, but the techniques would have made a circus acrobat splinter his bones. Holy Smoke! No wonder birds were taboo. The pad would have turned into a bordello.

Funny thing, by then I was seeing two of everything! It was clearly time to end the party when Ahmed suggested we troop down and smash all the streetlamps. As a finale, we shouldered Subbu and carried him round the room singing in nine different keys. Oh, I got home all right, honey — this time with a lampshade on my head and — you guessed it — a lily in each hand.

G'bye now!

Adam

frankly speaking

Devi

Looks like filmdom will make Bombay their winter abode, otherwise for all official and non-official purposes, they will be London based. Hardly did they return after their shopping spree and summer holiday in London, they have again jetted out there for outdoor shooting. Zeenat Aman, Vinod Khanna, Shatru, Amitabh, Dharam, Chintu, Neetu, Babi, even Shakti Kapoor, are all in London shooting for Feroze Khan, Manmohan Desai, etc.

From London they will hop across to the Continent. Some like Dharam will go to Tashkent. Bombay studios are occupied with folks like Dara

EXODUS TO LONDON

Singh, Sachin, Simple, Mohan Choti, or janata folks like Amol Palekar, Zarina Wahab, Vidya Sinha. Kashmir and Simla locales are now in the orbit of art films, rather kadka film finance corporations.

There will be an exodus of hoteliers, jewellers, beauticians, etc. to London. I will not be surprised if there comes up a temporary Bombay film colony in London, complete with pav-bhaji stalls, Chembur gulab jamuns.

And how can the colony be complete without me? Because a star colony cannot afford to live in peace, and with me, crime, sex, police will follow, and I will see to it that I break up all local marriages and romances and put our stars on to international matrimonial columns or at least affairs. And with all the congregation topped with me, even Mumtaz may get nostalgic, and want to come back, and with her, Rajesh Khanna can think of a comeback, too.

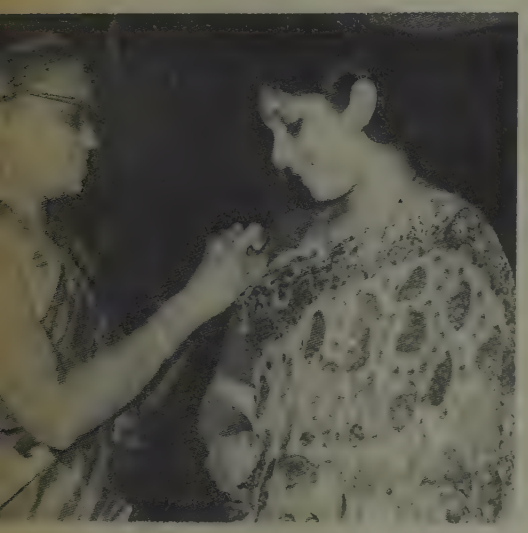
In any case, filmdom is on a holiday except for Amitabh Bachchan. He is the only one who sells. The rest keep on changing shirts, hire a flock of autograph hunters and a cameraman and declare themselves No. one.

Either you sign Amitabh or you make a film like "Damaad". Because the film is a hit, you try to find out its cast and come across unfamiliar names like director Rajat Rakshit, producer A. B. Mohan, Ranjita, etc.

people and events

Seen at the function to celebrate Poland's National Day, held by Mr. K. E. Kaczmarek, consul general for Poland and Mrs. Kaczmarek, in Bombay, are from left, Vice-Admiral R. K. S. Ghandhi, Mrs. Cariapa, Mrs. Kaczmarek, Mr. K. E. Kaczmarek, Mrs. Ghandhi and Mr. B. C. Cariapa, chairman, Bombay Port Trust.

LEFT: At the installation of Mrs. Smita Sathe as president of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay West, are seen from left, dist. chairman Mrs. Usha Haribhakti, Mrs. Smita Sathe and immediate past president, Mrs. Rama Parekh.



Dr. Souda Bibi, the newly elected president of the Calicut East Inner Wheel Club, formally appoints Mrs. Ayisha Ummer as the new secretary, at the induction meeting held at Calicut.

BELOW: Mrs. Jyoti Chitnis (left) president, Air Force Wives' Welfare Association, (AFWWA) Bangalore, (Regional), is seen with Mrs. Suman Joshi (centre) president, AFWWA (local) and an AFWWA member, on Mrs. Chitnis' visit to Begumpet, Hyderabad.

ABOVE: Mr. Anil Bajaj, sales manager of the Welcomhotel Mughal, Agra, is seen with Prince Michael and Princess Marie-Christine of Kent on their recent visit to the Hotel. At ext. right is Miss Wadhwani of the Hotel.

Mrs. Uma Khanna, wife of Maj. Gen. V. C. Khanna, CSO HQ Western Command, cuts the tape to inaugurate the family welfare centre, Western Command Signal Regiment, Simla.

Mrs. Sheela Ramachandra, out-going president of the Bangalore Inner Wheel Club, pins the president's badge on Mrs. Sharada Rudra, the new president, at a function held in Bangalore. Looking on is Bangalore's Governor Mr. Govind Narain.

bombay

A public meeting was organised at the Bandra Gymkhana by the Bandra Citizens Committee to protest against the reported decision of the State Government to increase the floor space index in the city and its suburbs from the existing 1:1 ratio to 1:16.

Dr. Rashmi Mayur, environmentalist, MLA Mr. S. S. Varde and Mr. Vincy D'Mello, counsellor, spoke of the repurcussions an increase of FSI would have on the citizens of the area — acute water shortage, power shortage, accumulation of sewage and garbage, health hazards, inadequate educational, medical, postal and transport facilities. . .

By mobilising public opinion the citizens of Bandra hope to forestall the implementation of the increase in FSI.

* * *

A two-year research study undertaken by Mr. Kevin S. Vaz, Director, Memory Training Academy, on "In-correct methods of learning in the primary levels" has resulted in an innovation which helps children learn the alphabet the phonetic way, termed "The Sound of Alphabet".

M/s. Din Products, publishers, have launched the sale of this revolutionary method of learning the alphabet, in India and abroad.

Every letter in "The Sound of Alphabet", as it is called, is represented by a picture and the initial letter-sound. It has been found to be effective for retention and recall in terms of time, effort, understanding, presentation and style of study.

* * *

Mrs. Niru Vasa held an exhibition of landscape paintings in oil at the Taj Art Gallery. Executed in muted blues and browns, the paintings evoked a quiet atmosphere. However, much of the effect was lost because, with the exception of two, the rest looked the same, the only distinguishing feature being the colours.

* * *

Mrs. Veena J. Mehta has been elected President of the Indo-American Society for the current year 1978-79. She has the distinction of becoming the first woman president of the Society since its inception. Other office bearers are: Vice Presidents: Mr. William F. Courtney, Mr. Shafi N. Thanawalla, Mrs. Gool T. Panthakey and Mr. K. P. Hamlai; joint hon. secretaries: Mr. E. F. Conyngham and Miss Vimla Dalal; hon. treasurer: Mr Ushakant C. Sheth and executive secretary: Mr. N. Krishnan.

A founder member of the Giants International, she is currently the President of the Giants Group of Malabar Hill. She has been secretary and vice-president of the Society.

* * *

"Swamyni" will hold an exhibition and sale of exclusively designed sarees, dress materials, salwar kameezes and ghagra choli stets in rare combinations of two skills — printing and embroidery. They will be the creations of Panna Dossa. The venue will be the Senate Room at the Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay, on August 24, 25 and 26, between 10 a.m. and 8 p.m.

delhi

For the first time the "Sounds of Young Hawaii", a group of Madrigal singers, sang to audiences in Delhi. The show was fast moving and exciting and included songs and dances of Hawaii, those of Maori origin and of the neighbouring islands of Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa and Tonga.

The group also known as the "Ambassadors of Aloha" has sung for millions. The genius behind the show is the professional singer and director Mr. Shigara Hetke. The group's three day performances at the Oberoi Intercontinental Hotel, were sponsored by the governor of Honolulu.

calcutta

A memorial meeting on the occasion of the death anniversary of Dr. Jatindra Bimal Choudhuri, founder, secretary of Prachgavani, and a celebrated Sanskrit scholar and writer, was held under the presidentship of Sivananda Giri Maharaj. Dr. Sanatan Sen, general secretary of the Institute of Journalists, London, proposed that a Sanskrit chair be established in Calcutta University to perpetuate Dr. Choudhuri's memory. Mrs. Angurbala Devi and Gouri Kedar Bhattacharya, both celebrated singers, sang on the occasion.

ahmedabad

Shamala Bhave gave a delightful programme of light music, folksongs and Hindustani bhajans recently.

Shamala rendered Muthuswamy Dikshitar's compositions, Purnadhara Dasa's Devarnam Kirtans and several Hindustani classical songs of the Gwalior Gharana.

The programme was sponsored jointly by the Ahmedabad South Indian Association, Karnataka Sangha and the Maharashtra Samaj.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY—CORN PRODUCTS QUIZ CONTEST — 4

1. **Principles of heredity, genetics.**
2. **Chancellor.**
3. **Secunderabad.**
4. **History.**
5. **April 19, 1975.**
6. **Galvanisation.**
7. **Dr. Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho of North Vietnam (the latter refused it, though).**
8. **Lord Clement Atlee.**
9. **1896.**
10. **Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Mr. Laj Kishen Advani.**
11. **The Volga.**
12. **Kindergarten.**

Mr. K. S. Mani of Bombay wins the First Prize of Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly for sending in the first all-correct entry. The following ten who also sent all-correct entries receive a packet each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly: Miss Indu Taneja, Kanpur; Mr. Subrato Pal, New Delhi; Miss Sumitra Mohanty, New Delhi; Mr. Anil Pai Bombay; Miss Satvinder Kaur, Jullundur; Mr. S. Perminderjit Singh, Kirkee; Miss Neela Chandra, Kanpur; Miss Anindita Banerjee, Calcutta; Miss Renu Mittal, Lucknow; Miss Pamini G. M., Mysore.

world of eve

ANITA GHOSH

Fresh from the achievement of her first one-man show of paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts, Anita is going back to her paints and brushes, for she has no intention of letting either small children or a social life distract her from painting. Last year for example, Anita says, was a highly productive year — in more senses than one — she was expecting her second baby. She feels that child-bearing this time was a 'colourful and exciting experience' because she indulged her creative urge to paint.

Anita was born in Lincoln, U. K., and studied painting at the Sir John Cass College of Arts. She was studying at the London Polytechnic when she met her future husband and left in the middle of a course to marry and return to India. She got back to painting and started attending the Government College of Art, Calcutta and was rewarded when two of her paintings were selected for the West Bengal Artists Mid-Summer Exhibition.

BHAVANA JAYANTILAL MODI

Bhavana Jayantilal Modi came first with 75 per cent marks in the LL.B. Examination organised by the Gujarat University in April. She was a student of the Maneklal Nanavati Law College, Ahmedabad.

Acquiring high grade marks in examinations is routine for Bhavana: she got a first class in SSC, Pre. Science, First Year B.Sc., Second Year B. Sc. and in the Ist LL.B. examinations.

To cap it all, she stood first all over India at the Licentiate Examination of the Federation of Insurance Institutes, Bombay, held in 1975. She was also the recipient of the J. C. Setalvad Memorial Award for the same year.

A product of the St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad, and now employed in the LIC, this talented 24-year-old woman's immediate aim is to complete her LL.M. and become a company secretary.

She is an avid reader and is fond of music and theatre.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A lucky year, also a pacy one! Travel, movement and change, say your stars — this scene bringing fun as well as help for your more practical aims. You will achieve hopes and wishes, get started on fresh and exciting new plans, but you will need to put in extra effort to make the most of opportunities. You can afford to chance your luck, rather. Not only will good things come your way, but your personality will please, drawing luck to you. For most of the year ahead your love life will be blissful and, if single, you may form a link with a person who is quite well set up in life!

For the week August 13—19

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

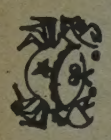
If on holiday, go easy on the strenuous exercise you are not accustomed to. In fact, curb some of your adventurous spirit generally this week — it will land you in a spot of bother. What you need most is relaxation. Make a fuss of the boy in your life; try to keep the sparkle in romance!

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

Why not get down to it and clear all those bits and bobs that are hanging around? There is not a lot of social activity after the first two days, so use your energies profitably. The 14th is your best day this week — for everything — but avoid travel and changes on the 18th if you can.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Any type of communication is lucky for you just now. Get around and chat with folks — enjoy yourself and profit by it too! Travel stars are strong, so whether on holiday or at home, get on the move and into fresh scenes. The 17th highlights romance, also brings a pretty bargain.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

You should be finding life romantic and lucky — have lots of little happinesses in several directions. Cashwise, you can't seem to go wrong — yet you could lose out in some way on Friday. Take care, especially about lending to friends — you won't get it back in a hurry. Monday brings a super invitation.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

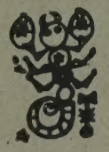
Something you've been working for, hoping for, is within your grasp — just when, depends on your own special birth date. The picture ahead is bright and this week shows you how you are appreciated, loved and wanted! News in the last two days will puzzle you; avoid impulsive moves then.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

The past month or two should have brought some lucky changes, also some super new friends. More good things are on the way, so if you have something special in mind, leave it a while and sit tight this week. Unlike you, but you could jump in at the deep end, be out of your depth in a new romance.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

If you are not having a super time, really enjoying yourself, then you should be! Make the most of your chances in all areas — but especially in romance. Your appeal is high; you'll feel and look your best. Yet, under Friday's Full Moon, don't be reckless in any way — or too trusting.



SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Lovely times are on the way; several planets will soon move through your sign. Look ahead with happy anticipation — the remainder of 1978 looks very promising. Sort out health and beauty problems now; you'll get positive action, good results. Choose the 14th or 17th for this — or anything important.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

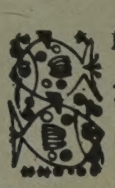
An uncertain sort of week, especially for friendships, romance, social life. You will need to tie people down on the 15th and 18th and avoid travel or anying "unusual" in the last two days if you can. Irritations, muddles, then — but keep your charm and your sense of humour!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

A nice cash surprise to cheer you early in the week, or you may get a new job opportunity. Follow your hunches on the 14th, watch your spending on the 18th. Sunday will be a special day for everything and could bring a new love. Think about joining a new club; make some inquiries.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Your stars will lift you up, then confuse you, then settle things for you — all during this week! By Friday's Full Moon you will have taken a decision in your personal life, be ready to wind up anything — in any area — that is a waste of time, emotion, energy. Get set for new adventures.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

A lot to do this week — but it will be profitable activity, so get yourself organised and on the ball! Yet, space things out sensibly or you will have a little health upset end of the week. Your intuition will be working well — will tell you what you want to know about your love life!

TABLE TALK

Did you know that the Sally Lunn tea-cake is so named from an eighteenth-ceutury Bath pastry cook who offered her original wares in the streets of that city, selling them morning and evening from a cloth-covered basket? So brisk proved her trade that her business — and popularity — were bought and exploited by W. Dalmer, a respected local baker, who furthered the fame of the cakes by writing the words and music of a song about them, and having special barrows made to sell them from.

A recipe published in 1795 declared that no Sally Lunns could be made without a pint of cream, three eggs, a cupful of yeast and a knob of butter the size of a walnut; but the traditional recipe usually followed today omits the cream, reduces the yeast and allows only one egg. These tea-cakes must be firm to the touch when cooked and, according to tradition, mut be buttered in three layers.

For an unusual variation, treat the tea-cake as a savoury by omitting the sugar and spreading with butter and meat or vegetable extract.

Did you know that the Italian makers of Parmesan cheese test their products for ripeness by ear? They go round their huge maturing vaults where thousands upon thousands of squat dark brown cheeses stand in serried row from floor to ceiling, armed with little silver mallets. Each cheese is tapped in turn, and an expert can tell the exact degree of ripeness it has reached. Parmesan has to be ripened at least till the end of the summer of the year after it was made; sometimes it stands maturing for well over two years before its distinctively fragrant, delicate, tasty yet not spicy flavour has reached perfection. Meanwhile the cheese has hardened and become ideal for grating. Parmesan cheese is the traditional accompaniment to all pasta dishes like spaghetti, ravioli and macaroni, but added at the table to even the homeliest of vegetable-type soups, it will enrich both flavour and aroma. Ideally, all Parmesan should be freshly grated when required, but the little polythene containers of the grated cheese are usually excellent. Try a light sprinkling (just before the final browning) on grilled fish or bacon, too.

David Gunston

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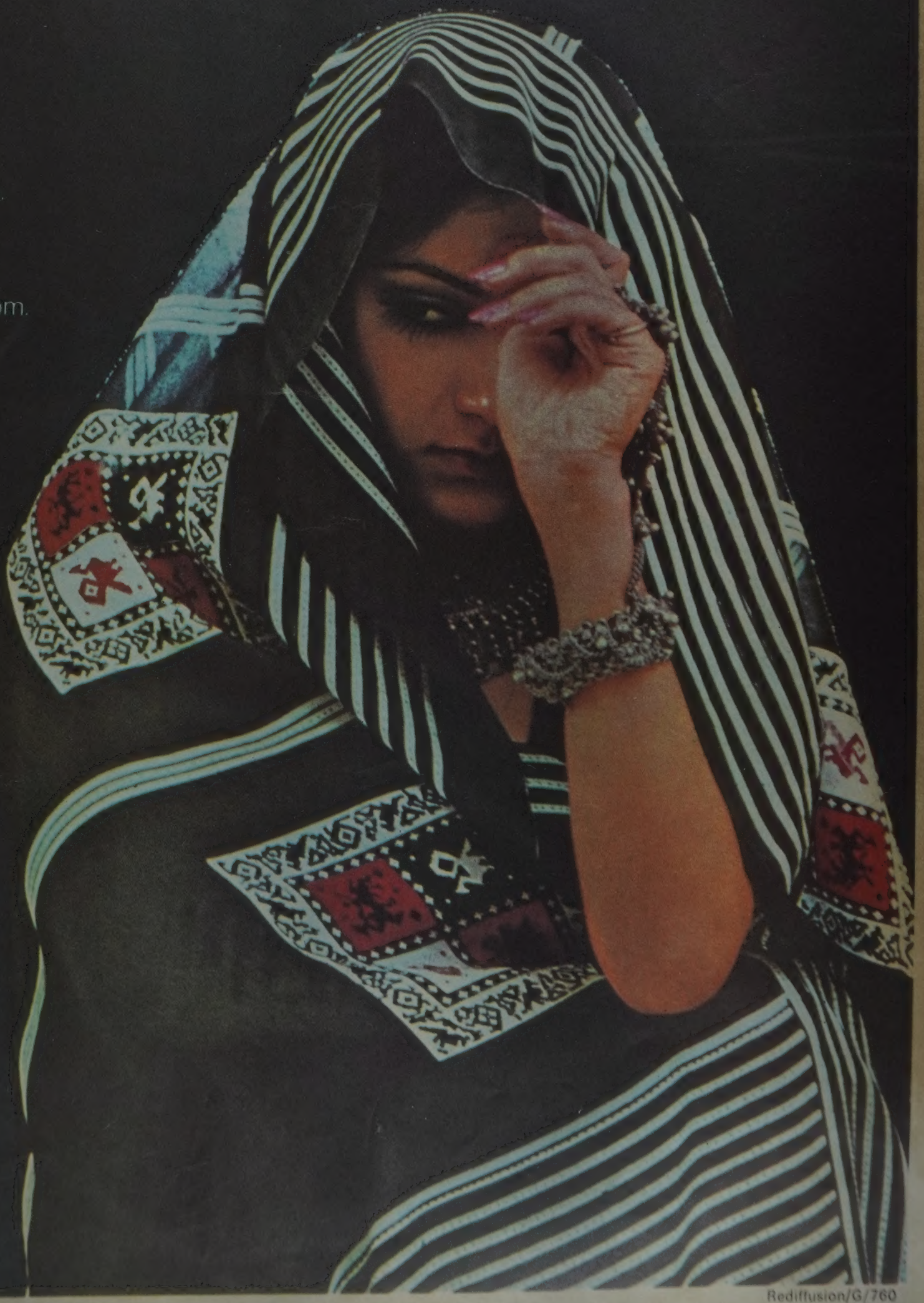

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